

THE
WORKS
OF
Mr. Edmund Smith,
Late of
CHRIST-CHURCH, Oxford.

CONTAINING

- I. PHÆDRA and HIPPOLITUS.
- II. A POEM on the Death of Mr.
PHILIPS.
- III. BODLEIAN Speech.
- IV. POCOCKIUS, &c.

To which is prefixed
A Character of Mr. *SMITH*,
BY
Mr. *OLDISWORTH*.

L O N D O N:

Printed for *Bernard Lintott*, between the Two
Temple-Gates, 1714.

THE

WORKS

OF

CHRISTOPHER OXFORD

I. A Poem on the Death of Mr.
II. A Poem on the Death of Mr.
III. A Poem on the Death of Mr.
IV. A Poem on the Death of Mr.

To which is prefixed

A Character of Mr. S. MITCHELL

BY

MR. O. D. MITCHELL

L O N D O N :

Printed for B. & C. Lintock, between the Two
Tables, in Pall Mall.

A
CHARACTER
OF THE
AUTHOR.



MR. *Edmund Smith* was the only Son of an eminent Merchant, one *Mr. Neale*, who had secretly married a Daughter of the famous *Baron Lechmere*. Some Misfortunes of his Father, which were soon after follow'd by his *Death*, were the Occasion of the Son's being left very young in the Hands of a near Relation (one who married *Mr. Neale's* Sister) whose Name was *Smith*.

This Gentleman and his Lady treated him as their own Child, and put him to *Westminster* School under the Care of *Dr. Busby*; whence after the Loss of his faithful and generous Guardian (whose Name he assum'd and retain'd) he was remov'd to *Christ-Church* in *Oxford*, and there by his Aunt handsomely maintain'd.

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maintain'd till her Death; after which he continued a Member of that learned and ingenious Society, till within five Years of his own [Death;] tho' some time before his leaving *Christ-Church*, he was sent for by his Mother to *Worcester*, and own'd and acknowledged as her legitimate Son; which had not been mention'd, but to wipe off the Aspersions that were ignorantly cast by some, on his Birth. It is to be remembered for our Author's Honour, that when at *Westminster* Election he stood a Candidate for one of the Universities, he so signally distinguish'd himself by his conspicuous Performances, that there arose no small Contention between the Representative Electors of *Trinity College* in *Cambridge*, and *Christ-Church* in *Oxon*, which of those two Royal Societies should adopt him as their own. But the Electors of *Trinity College* having the [Pre-eminence] Preference of Choice that Year, they resolutely elected him; who yet being invited at the same time to *Christ-Church*, chose to accept of a Studentship there. Mr. Smith's Perfections, as well natural as acquired, seem to have been form'd upon *Horace's Plan*; who says in his Art of Poetry,

—Ego nec Studium sine divite venâ,
Nec rude quid prosit video ingenium: alterius sis
Altera poscit opem res, & conjurat amicè.

He was endow'd by Nature with all those excellent and necessary Qualifications which are previous to the Accomplishment of a great Man. His Memory was large and tenacious, yet by a curious *Felicity* chiefly susceptible of the finest Impressions, it receiv'd from the best Authors he read, which it always preserv'd in their primitive Strength, and amiable Order.

He

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He had a Quickness of Apprehension, and Vivacity of Understanding, which easily took in and surmounted the most subtle and knotty Parts of Mathematicks and Metaphysicks. His Wit was prompt and flowing, yet solid and piercing; his Taste delicate, his Head clear, and his way of expressing his just Thoughts, perspicuous and engaging: To say nothing of his Person, which yet was so well *turn'd*, that no Neglect of himself in his Dress, or outward Ornament could render it disagreeable; insomuch that some of the *Fair Sex*, who observ'd and esteem'd him, at once commended and reprov'd him by the Name of the *handsome* Sloven. An eager, but generous and noble Emulation grew up with him; which (as it were a rational sort of Instinct) push'd him upon striving to excel in every Art and Science that could make him a Credit to his College, and that College the Ornament of the most Learned and Polite *University*. And it was his Happiness to have several Contemporaries and Fellow-Students, who exercis'd and excited this Virtue in themselves and others, thereby becoming so deservedly in favour with this Age, and so good a Proof of its nice Discernment. His Judgment naturally good, soon ripen'd into an exquisite Fineness and distinguishing Sagacity, which as it was active, so it was vigorous and manly, keeping even Paces with a rich and strong *Imagination* always upon the Wing, and never tir'd with aspiring. Hence it was, that, tho' he writ as young as *Cowley*, he had no Puerilities; and his earliest Productions were so far from having any thing in them mean and trifling, that like the junior Compositions of Mr. *Stepney*, they may make grey Authors blush. There are many of his first Essays in *Oratory*, in *Epigram*, *Elegy*, and *Epique*, still handed about the *University* in *Manuscript*, which shew a

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Masterly Hand, and tho' maim'd and injured by frequent transcribing, make their way into our most celebrated Miscellanies, where they shine with uncommon Lustre. Besides those Verses in the *Oxford Books* which he could not help setting his Name to, several of his Compositions came abroad under other Names, which his own singular Modesty, and faithful Silence strove in vain to conceal. The *Encoenia* and Publick *Collections* of the *University* upon State Subjects, were never in such Esteem, either for *Elegy* or *Congratulation*, as when he contributed most largely to 'em; and it was natural for those who knew his peculiar way of writing, to turn to his Share in the Work, as by far the most relishing Part of the Entertainment. As his Parts were extraordinary, so he well knew how to improve 'em; and not only to polish a Diamond, but enchase it in Gold. Tho' he was an Academick the greatest part of his Life, yet he contracted no Sourness of Temper, no Spice of Pedantry, no Itch of Disputation, or obstinate Contention for the Old or New Philosophy; no assuming way of dictating to others, which are Faults (tho' excusable) which some are insensibly led into, who are constrain'd to dwell long within the Walls of a private College. His Conversation was pleasant and instructive, and what *Horace* said of *Plotius*, *Varius*, and *Virgil*, might justly be apply'd to him:

Nilego contulerim jucundo sanus Amico. Sat. 5. l. 1.

As correct a Writer as he was in his most elaborate Pieces, he read the Works of others with Candor, and reserv'd his greatest Severity for his own Compositions; being readier to cherish and advance, than damp or depress a rising Genius, and as patient

of

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of being excell'd himself (if any could excel him) as industrious to excel others.

'T were to be wish'd he had confin'd himself to a particular Profession, who was capable of surpassing in any; but in this, his want of Application was in a great measure owing to his want of due Encouragement.

He pass'd through the Exercises of the College and University with unusual Applause; and though he often suffer'd his Friends to call him off from his Retirements, and to lengthen out those jovial Avocations, yet his Return to his Studies, was so much the more passionate, and his Intention upon those refined Pleasures of *Reading* and *Thinking* so vehement (to which his facetious and unbended Intervals bore no proportion) that the *Habit* grew upon him, and the Series of *Meditation* and *Reflection* being kept up whole Weeks together, he could better sort his Ideas, and take in the sundry Parts of a Science at one View, without Interruption or Confusion. Some indeed of his Acquaintance, who were pleas'd to distinguish between the *Wit* and the *Scholar*, extoll'd him altogether on the Account of the first of these Titles; but others who knew him better, could not forbear doing him Justice as a Prodigy in both kinds. He had signaliz'd himself in the Schools, as a Philosopher and Polemick of extensive Knowledge and deep Penetration; and went through all the *Courses* with a wise Regard to the Dignity and Importance of each Science. I remember him in the *Divinity-School* responding and disputing with a perspicuous Energy, a ready Exactness, and commanding Force of Argument, when Dr. *Jane* worthily presid'd in the *Chair*; whose condescending and dis-interested Commendation of him, gave him such a Reputation, as silenc'd the envious Malice

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Malice of his Enemies, who durst not contradict the Approbation of so profound a Master in Theology. None of those Self-sufficient Creatures, who have either trifled with Philosophy by attempting to ridicule it, or have encumber'd it with novel Terms, and burdensome Explanations, understood its real Weight and Purity half so well as Mr. *Smith*. He was too discerning to allow of the Character of *Unprofitable, Rugged, and Abstruse*, which some superficial *Sciolists* (so very smooth and polite as to admit of no Impression) either out of an unthinking Indolence, or an ill grounded Prejudice had affix'd to this sort of Studies. He knew the thorny Terms of Philosophy serv'd well to fence in the true Doctrines of Religion; and look'd upon *School-Divinity* as upon a polish'd and well wrought Armour, which might at once adorn and defend the Christian Hero.

Besides this, Mr. *Smith* had a long and perfect Intimacy with all the *Greek* and *Latin* Classics; with whom he had carefully compar'd whatever was worth perusing in the *French, Spanish, and Italian* (to which Languages he was no Stranger) and in all the celebrated *Writers* of his own Country. But then according to the curious Observation of the late Earl of *Shaftsbury*, he kept the Poet in awe by regular Criticism, and as it were marry'd the two Arts for their mutual Support and Improvement. There was not a Tract of Credit upon that Subject, which he had not diligently examin'd from *Aristotle* down to *Hedelin* and *Bossu*; so that having each Rule constantly before him, he could carry the Art through every Poem, and at once point out the Graces and Deformities. By this means he seem'd to read with a Design to correct, as well as learn, and meliorate, no less than imitate. Being thus prepar'd, he could not but taste every little Delicacy that was set before him;

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him; tho' it was impossible for him at the same time to be fed and nourish'd with any thing, but what was Substantial and Lasting. He consider'd the Ancients and Moderns, not as Parties or Rivals for Fame, but as Architects upon one and the same Plan, the *Art of Poetry*; according to which he judg'd, approv'd, and blam'd without Flattery or Detraction. If he did not always commend the Compositions of others, 'twas not ill Nature, (which was not in his Temper) but *strict Justice*, that would not let him call a few Flowers set in Ranks, a glib Measure, and so many Couplers by the Name of Poetry: He was of *Ben Johnson's* Opinion, who could not admire,

—Verses as smooth, and soft as Cream
In which there was neither Depth, nor Stream.

And therefore, tho' his want of Complaisance for some Mens overbearing Vanity made him Enemies, yet the better part of Mankind were obliged by the Freedom of his Reflections.

His *Bodleian* Speech, tho' taken from a remote and imperfect Copy, hath shewn the World how great a Master he was of the *Ciceronian* Eloquence, mix'd with the Conciseness and Force of *Demosthenes*, the elegant and moving Turns of *Pliny*, and the acute and wise Reflexions of *Tacitus*.

Since *Temple* and *Roscommon*, no Man understood *Horace* better, especially as to his happy Diction, rolling Numbers, beautiful Imagery, and alternate Mixture of the *Soft and the Sublime*. This endear'd *Dr. Hanns's* Odes to him, the finest *Genius* for *Latin Lyric* since the *Augustan* Age. His Friend *Mr. Philips's* Ode to, *Mr. St John*, (now *Lord Bolingbroke*) after the manner of *Horace's* *Lusory Panegyrical*, or *Ama-*

torian

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torian Odes, is certainly a Masterpiece: But Mr. Smith's *Pocockius*, is of the *Sublimar Kind*; tho', like *Waller's* Writings upon *Oliver Cromwell*, it wants not the most delicate and surprizing Turns peculiar to the Person prais'd. I do not remember to have seen any thing like it in Dr. *Bathurst*, who had made some Attempts this way, with Applause. He was an excellent Judge of Humanity; and so good an *Historian*, that in familiar Discourse he would talk over the most memorable Facts in Antiquity, the *Lives, Actions, and Characters* of celebrated Men, with amazing *Facility* and *Accuracy*. As he had thoroughly read and digested *Thuanus's* Works, so he was able to copy after him: And his Talent in this kind was so well known and allow'd, that he had been singl'd out by some *Great Men* to write a *History*, which it was for their Interest to have done with the utmost Art and Dexterity. I shall not mention for what Reasons this Design was dropp'd; tho' they are very much to Mr. Smith's Honour. The Truth is, and I speak it before living Witnesses; whilst an agreeable Company could fix him upon a Subject of useful Literature, no body shone to greater Advantage: He seem'd to be that *Memmius*, whom *Lucretius* speaks of;

—*Quem tu, Dea, tempore in omni
Omnibus ornatum voluisti excellere rebus.*

His Works are not many, and those scatter'd up and down in *Miscellanies* and *Collections*; being wrested from him by his Friends, with great Difficulty and Reluctance. But all of them together make but a small Part of that much greater Body which lyes dispers'd in the Possession of numerous Acquaintance, and cannot perhaps be made entire, without great

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great Injustice to him; because few of them had his last Hand; and the *Transcriber* was often obliged to take the Liberties of a *Friend*. His Condolence for the Death of Mr. *Philips* is full of the noblest Beauties, and hath done Justice to the Ashes of that Second *Milton*, whose Writings will last as long as the *English Language*, *Generosity*, and *Valour*. For him Mr. *Smith* had contracted a perfect Friendship; a Passion he was most susceptible of, and whose Laws he look'd upon as sacred, and inviolable. Every Subject that pass'd under his Pen, had all the Life, Proportion, and Embellishments bestow'd on it, which an exquisite Skill, a warm Imagination, and a cool Judgment could possibly bestow on it. The *Epique*, *Lyrick*, *Elegiac*, every sort of Poetry which he touch'd upon, (and he had touch'd upon a great variety) was rais'd to its proper Height, and the Differences between each of them observ'd with a *judicious Accuracy*. We saw the old Rules and new Beauties plac'd in admirable Order by each other, and there was a predominant Fancy and Spirit of his own infus'd, superior to what some draw off from the *Antients*, or from *Poësies* here and there cull'd out of the *Moderns*, by a painful Industry, and servile Imitation. His *Contrivances* were Adroit and Magnificent: His *Images* Lively and Adequate: His *Sentiments* Charming and Majestick: His *Expressions* Natural, tho' Bold: His *Numbers* Various and Sounding; and that enamel'd Mixture of *Classical Wit*, which, without Redundance and Affectation, sparkl'd thro' his Writings, was no less Useful than Agreeable.

His *Phædra* is a consummate Tragedy, and the Success of it was as great, as the most sanguin Expectations of his Friends could promise or foresee. The Number of Nights, and the common Method of
filling

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filling the *House*, are not always the surest Marks of judging, what Encouragement a Play meets with. But the Generosity of all the Persons of a refin'd Taste about the Town, was Remarkable on this Occasion: And it must not be forgotten how zealously Mr. Addison espous'd his Interest, with all the elegant Judgment and diffusive Good-Nature, for which that accomplish'd Gentleman and Author is renown'd. But as to *Phædra*, she has certainly made a finer Figure under Mr. Smith's Conduct, upon the *English Stage*, than either at *Rome* or *Athens*; and if she excels the *Greek* and *Latin Phædra*, I need not say, she surpasses the *French* one, tho' embellish'd with all the regular Beauties, and moving Softness *Racine* himself could give her.

No Man had a juster Notion of the Difficulty of *Composing*, than Mr. Smith; and he sometimes would create greater Difficulties, than he had Reason to apprehend. Writing with Ease, what (as Mr. *Wycherley* speaks) may be easily written, mov'd his Indignation. When he was writing upon a Subject, he would seriously consider what *Demosthenes*, *Homer*, *Virgil*, and *Horace*, if alive, would say upon that Occasion; which caus'd him to exceed himself as well as others. Nevertheless he could not, or would not, finish several Subjects he undertook; which may be imputed either to the briskness of his Fancy, still hunting after new Matter; or to an occasional Indolence, which Spleen and Lassitude brought upon him, which of all his Foibles the World was least inclin'd to forgive. That this was not owing to Conceit and Vanity, or a Fulness of himself (a Frailty which has been imputed to no less Men than *Shakespeare* and *Johnson*) is clear from hence; because he left his Works to the entire Disposal of his Friends; whose most rigorous Censures he even courted

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courted and solicited; submitting to their Animadversions, and the Freedom they took with him, with an unreserv'd and prudent Resignation.

I have seen Sketches and rough Draughts of some Poems he design'd, set out *analytically*; wherein the *Fable, Structure, and Connexion, the Images, Incidents, Moral, Episodes*, and a great variety of Ornaments, were so finely laid out, so well fitted to the Rules of Art, and squar'd so exactly to the Precedents of the Antients; that I have often looked on these *Poetical Elements*, with the same Concern, with which curious Men are affected, at the Sight of the most entertaining Remains and Ruins of an *Antique Figure or Building*. Those *Fragments* of the Learned, which some Men have been so proud of their Pains in collecting, are *useless Rarities*, without Form and without Life, when compar'd with these *Embryo's*, which wanted not Spirit enough to preserve them; so that I cannot help thinking, that if some of them were to come abroad, they would be as highly valued by the *Poets*, as the Sketches of *Julio* and *Titian* are by the *Painters*: tho' there is nothing in them but a few *Out-Lines*, as to the *Design* and *Proportion*.

It must be confess'd, that Mr. Smith had some Defects in his Conduct; which those are most apt to remember, who could imitate him in nothing else. His Freedom with himself drew severer Acknowledgments from him, than all the Malice he ever provok'd, was capable of advancing; and he did not scruple to give even his *Misfortunes* the hard Name of *Faults*: But if the World had half his good Nature, all the shady Parts would be entirely strack out of his Character.

A Man, who under Poverty, Calamities, and Disappointments, could make so many Friends,
and

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and those so truly Valuable, must have just and noble Ideas of the Passion of Friendship; in the Success of which consisted the greatest, if not the only Happiness of his Life. He knew very well what was due to his Birth, tho' Fortune threw him short of it, in every other Circumstance [of Life.] He avoided making any, tho' perhaps reasonable, Complaints of her Dispensations; under which he had Honour enough to be *easy*, without touching the Favours she flung in his way, when offer'd to him at the Price of a more *durable Reputation*. He took care to have no Dealings with Mankind, in which he could not be *just*; and he desir'd to be at no other Expence in his Pretensions than that of intrinsic Merit; which was the only Burthen and Reproach he ever brought upon his Friends. He could say as *Horace* did of himself, what I never yet saw translated.

Meo sum pauper in are.

At his coming to Town, no Man was more surrounded by all those, who really had, or pretended to Wit; or more courted by the *Great Men*, who had then a Power and Opportunity of encouraging Arts and Sciences, and gave Proofs of their Fondness for the Name of *Patron* in many Instances, which will ever be remember'd to their Glory. Mr. *Smith's* Character grew upon his Friends by Intimacy, and outgrew the strongest Prepossessions, which had been conceiv'd in his Favour. Whatever Quarrel a few sower Creatures, whose Obscurity is their Happiness, may possibly have to the Age; yet amidst a study'd Neglect, and total Disuse of all those ceremonial Attendances, fashionable Equipments, and external Recommendations, which are thought necessary

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cessary Introductions into the *Grande Monde*, this Gentleman was so happy as still to please; and whilst the Rich, the Gay, the Noble, and Honourable, saw how much he excell'd in Wit and Learning, they easily forgave all other Differences. Hence it was that both his Acquaintance and Retirements were his own free Choice. What Mr. Prior observes upon a very great Character, was true of him; *That most of his Faults brought their Excuse with them.*

Those who blam'd him most understood him least: It being the Custom of the Vulgar to charge an Excess upon the most *Complaisant*, and to form a Character by the Morals of a few, who have sometimes spoil'd an Hour or two in good Company. But where only Fortune is wanting to make a Great Name, that single Exception can never pass upon the best Judges and most equitable Observers of Mankind: And when the Time comes for the World to spare their Pity, we may justly enlarge our Demands upon them for their Admiration.

Some few Years before his Death, he had engag'd himself in several considerable Undertakings: In all which he had prepar'd the World to expect mighty Things from him. I have seen about *Ten Sheets* of his *English Pindar*, which exceeded any thing of that kind I could ever hope for in our own Language. He had drawn out the Plan of a *Tragedy* of the Lady *Jane Grey*, and had gone through several Scenes of it. But he could not well have bequeath'd that Work to better Hands, than where, I hear, it is at present lodg'd: And the bare Mention of *Two such Names*, may justify the largest Expectations, and is sufficient to make the Town an agreeable Invitation.

His greatest and noblest Undertaking was *Longinus*. He had finish'd an entire *Translation* of the *Sub-*

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Ime, which he sent to the Reverend Mr. *Richard Parker*, a Friend of his, late of *Merton College*, an exact Critick in the *Greek Tongue*, from whom it came to my Hands. The *French Version* of *Monsieur Boileau*, tho' truly valuable, was far short of it. He propos'd a large Addition to this Work, of *Notes and Observations* of his own, with an entire System of the *Art of Poetry*, in three Books; under the Titles of *Thought, Diction, and Figure*. I saw the last of these Perfect, and in a fair Copy, in which he shew'd prodigious Judgment and Reading; and particularly had reform'd the *Art of Rhetorick*, by reducing that vast and confus'd Heap of *Terms* with which a long Succession of *Pedants* hath encumber'd the World, to a very narrow Compass, comprehending all that was useful and ornamental in *Poetry*. Under each *Head and Chapter*, he intended to make *Remarks* upon all the *Ancients and Moderns*, the *Greek, Latin, English, French, Spanish, and Italian Poets*, and to note their several Beauties and Defects.

What remains of his Works, is left, as I am inform'd, in the Hands of Men of Worth and Judgment, who lov'd him. It cannot be suppos'd they would suppress any thing that was his, but out of Respect to his Memory, and for want of proper Hands to finish what so great a *Genius* had begun.

PHÆDRA

PHÆDRA

AND

HIPPOLITUS,

A

TRAGEDY.

The Second Edition.



L O N D O N:

Printed for *Bernard Lintott*.

PHÆDRA

AND

HIPPOLYTUS

BY GEORGE

THE SECOND PART



LONDON

Printed for Edward Smith



To the Right Honourable

CHARLES

Lord HALIFAX.

My LORD,



S soon as it was made known that your Lordship was not displeas'd with this PLAY, my Friends began to value themselves upon the Interest they had taken in its Success; I was touch'd with a Vanity I had not before been acquainted with, and began to dream of nothing less than the Immortality of my Work.

And I had sufficiently shewn this Vanity in inscribing this PLAY to your Lordship, did I only consider you as one to whom so many admirable Pieces, to whom the

Epistle Dedicatory.

Praises of *Italy*, and the best *Latin* Poem since the *Æneid*, that on the Peace of *Ryswick*, are consecrated. But it had been intolerable Presumption to have address'd it to you, my Lord, who are the nicest Judge of Poetry, were you not also the greatest Encourager of it; to you who excel all the present Age as a Poet, did you not surpass all the preceding Ones as a Patron.

For in the Times when the Muses were most encourag'd, the best Writers were countenanc'd, but never advanc'd; they were admitted to the Acquaintance of the greatest Men, but that was all they were to expect. The Bounty of the Patron is no where to be read of but in the Works of the Poets, whereas your Lordship's will fill those of the Historians.

For what Transactions can they write of, which have not been manag'd by some who were recommended by your Lordship? 'Tis by your Lordship's Means, that the Universities have been real Nurseries for the State; that the Courts abroad are charm'd by the Wit and Learning, as well as the Sagacity of our Ministers; that *Germany*, *Switzerland*, *Muscovy*, and even
Turkey

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Turkey it self begins to relish the Politeness of the *English*; that the Poets at Home adorn that Court which they formerly us'd only to divert; that abroad they travel, in a manner very unlike their Predecessor *Homer*, and with an Equipage he could not bestow, ev'n on the Heroes he design'd to immortalize.

And this, my Lord, shews your Knowledge of Men as well as Writings, and your Judgment no less than your Generosity. You have distinguish'd between those who by their Inclinations or Abilities were qualified for the Pleasure only, and those that were fit for the Service of your Country; you made the one easie, and the other useful: You have left the One no Occasion to wish for any Preferment, and you have oblig'd the Publick by the Promotion of the Others.

And now, my Lord, it may seem odd that I should dwell on the Topick of your Bounty only, when I might enlarge on so many others; when I ought to take notice of that illustrious Family from which you are sprung, and yet of the great Merit which was necessary to set you on a Level with it, and to raise you to that House of Peers

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Peers which was already fill'd with your Relations. When I ought to consider the Brightness of your Wit in private Conversation, and the Solidity of your Eloquence in publick Debates; when I ought to admire in you the Politeness of a Courtier, and the Sincerity of a Friend; the Openness of Behaviour which charms all who address themselves to you, and yet that hidden Reserve which is necessary for those great Affairs in which you are concern'd.

To pass over all these great Qualities (my Lord) and insist only on your Generosity, looks as if I solicited it for my self; but to that I quitted all manner of Claim when I took Notice of your Lordship's great Judgment in the Choice of those you advance; so that all at present my Ambition aspires to is, that your Lordship would be pleas'd to pardon this Presumption, and permit me to profess my self with the most profound Respect,

Your Lordship's most humble,

and most obedient Servant,

Edm. Smith.



THE
PROLOGUE,

By Mr. ADDISON.

Spoken by Mr. WILKS.

Long has a Race of Heroes fill'd the Stage,
That rant by Note, and through the Gamut rage;
In Songs and Airs express their martial Fire,
Combate in Trills, and in a Feuge expire;
While lull'd by Sound, and undisturb'd by Wit,
Calm and Serene you indolently sit;
And from the dull Fatigue of Thinking free,
Hear the facetious Fiddles Repartie;
Our Home-spun Authors must forsake the Field,
And Shakespear to the soft Scarlatti yield.

To your new Taste the Poet of this Day
Was by a Friend advis'd to form his Play;
Had Valentini, musically coy,
Shun'd Phædra's Arms, and scorn'd the proffer'd Joy,
It had not mov'd your Wonder to have seen
An Eunuch fly from an enamour'd Queen:
How would it please, should she in English speak,
And could Hippolitus reply in Greek?
But he, a Stranger to your Modish Way,
By your old Rules must stand or fall to Day,
And hopes you will your Foreign Taste command,
To bear, for once, with what you understand.

THE
EPILOGUE,

By Mr. *PRIOR*.

Spoken by Mrs. *OLDFIELD*.

Ladies, to Night your Pity I implore
For One who never troubled you before :
An Oxford Man, extreamly read in Greek,
Whom from Eu—ripides makes Phædra speak ;
And comes to Town to let us Moderns know
How Women lov'd two thousand Years ago.
If that be all, said I, e'en burn your Play,
I gad we know all that as well as they :
Show us the youthful handsome Charioteer,
Firm in his Seat, and running his Carreer ;
Our Souls wou'd kindle with as gen'rous Flames,
As e'er inspir'd the ancient Grecian Dames :
Ev'ry Ismena wou'd resign her Breast,
And ev'ry dear Hippolitus be blest.

But, as it is, six flouncing Flanders Mares
Are e'en as good as any two of theirs ;
And if Hippolitus can but contrive
To buy the gilded Chariot, John can drive.

Now

The EPILOGUE.

*Now of the Bussle you have seen to Day,
And Phædra's Morals in this Scholar's Play;
Something, at last, in Justice shou'd be said,
But this Hippolitus so fills ones Head.—
Well! Phædra liv'd as chaste as she cou'd,
For she was Father Jove's own Flesh and Blood;
Her awkward Love, indeed, was odly fated,
She and her Poly were too near related;
And yet that Scruple had been laid aside,
If honest Theseus had but fairly dy'd:
But when he came, what needed he to know,
But that all Matters stood in Statu quo:
There was no harm, you see; or grant there were,
She might want Conduct, but he wanted Care.
'Twas in a Husband little less than rude,
Upon his Wife's Retirement to intrude:
He shou'd have sent a Night or two before,
That he wou'd come exact at such an Hour;
Then he had turn'd all Tragedy to Jest,
Found ev'ry thing contribute to his Rest;
The Picquet Friend dismiss'd, the Coast all clear,
And Spouse alone, impatient for her Dear.*

*But if these gay Reflexions come too late
To keep the guilty Phædra from her Fate,
If your more serious Judgment must condemn
The dire Effects of her unhappy Flame:
Yet, ye chaste Matrons, and ye tender Fair,
Let Love and Innocence engage your Care;
My spotless Flames to your Protection take,
And spare poor Phædra for Ismena's Sake.*



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Theseus King of Crete Mr. Betterton.

Hippolitus his Son, in Love with } Mr. Booth.
Ismena

Lycon Minister of State Mr. Keen.

Cratander Captain of the Guards Mr. Corey.

W O M E N.

Phædra, *Theseus's* Queen, in Love } Mrs. Barrey.
with *Hippolitus*

Ismena, a Captive Princess, in Love } Mrs. Oldfield.
with *Hippolitus*

Guards, Attendants.

PHÆDRA



PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLITUS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Cratander and Lycon.

Lyc.



IS strange, *Cratander*, that the
Royal *Phædra*
Shou'd still continue resolute in
Grief,
And obstinately wretched:
That one so gay, so beautiful
and young,

Of Godlike Virtue and Imperial Pow'r,
Shou'd fly inviting Joys, and court Destruction.

Crat. Is there not cause, when lately join'd in Marriage,

B

To

To have the King her Husband call'd to War ?
Then for three tedious Moons to mourn his Absence,
Nor know his Fate ?

Lyc. The King may cause her Sorrow,
But not by Absence : Oft I've seen him hang
With greedy Eyes, and languish o'er her Beauties,
She from his wide, deceiv'd, desiring Arms
Flew tasteless, loathing ; whilst dejected *Theseus*,
With mournful loving Eyes pursu'd her Flight,
And dropt a silent Tear.

Crat. Ha ! this is Hatred,
This is Aversion, Horror, Detestation :
Why did the Queen who might have cull'd Mankind,
Why did she give her Person and her Throne
To one she loath'd ?

Lyc. Perhaps she thought it just
That he shou'd wear the Crown his Valour sav'd.

Crat. Cou'd she not glut his Hopes with Wealth and
Honour,
Reward his Valour, yet reject his Love ?
Why, when a happy Mother, Queen and Widow ;
Why did she wed old *Theseus* ? While his Son,
The brave *Hippolitus*, with equal Youth,
And equal Beauty might have fill'd her Arms.

Lyc. *Hippolitus*, (in distant *Scythia* born,
The warlike *Amazon*, *Camilla*'s Son,)
Till our Queen's Marriage, was unknown to *Crete* ;
And sure the Queen cou'd wish him still unknown :
She loaths, detests him, flies his hated Presence,
And shrinks and trembles at his very Name.

Crat. Well may she hate the Prince she needs must
fear ;
He may dispute the Crown with *Phædra*'s Son.

He's brave, he's fiery, youthful and belov'd ;
His Courage charms the Men, his Form the Women ;
His very Sports are War.

Lyc. O ! he's all Hero, scorns th' inglorious Ease
Of lazy *Crete*, delights to shine in Arms,
To wield the Sword, and launch the pointed Spear ;
To tame the gen'rous Horse, that nobly wild
Neighs on the Hills, and dares the angry Lion ;
To join the struggling Coursers to his Chariot,
To make their stubborn Necks the Rein obey,
To turn, to stop, or stretch along the Plain.
Now the Queen's sick, there's Danger in his Courage.—
Be ready with your Guards.—I fear *Hippolitus*. [*Exit Crat.*
Fear him ! for what ? poor silly virtuous Wretch,
Affecting Glory, and contemning Pow'r :
Warm without Pride, without Ambition brave ;
A senceless Hero, fit to be a Tool
To those whose Godlike Souls are turn'd for Empire.
An open honest Fool, that loves and hates,
And yet more Fool to own it. He hates Flatterers,
He hates me too ; weak Boy, to make a Foe
Where he might have a Slave. I hate him too,
But cringe, and flatter, fawn, adore, yet hate him.
Let the Queen live or die, the Prince must fall.

Enter Ismena.

What ! still attending on the Queen, *Ismena* ?
O charming Virgin ! O exalted ! Virtue !
Can still your Goodness conquer all your Wrongs ?
Are you not robb'd of your *Athenian* Crown ?
Was not your Royal Father *Pallas* slain,
And all his wretched Race by conqu'ring *Theseus* ?
And do you still watch o'er his Consort *Phædra*,

And still repay such Cruelty with Love?

Ism. Let them be cruel that delight in Mischief,
I'm of a softer Mould, poor *Phædra's* Sorrows
Pierce thro' my yielding Heart and wound my Soul.

Lyc. Now thrice the rising Sun has chear'd the World,
Since she renew'd her Strength with due Refreshment;
Thrice has the Night brought Ease to Man, to Beast,
Since wretched *Phædra* clos'd her streaming Eyes:
She flies all Rest, all necessary Food,
Resolv'd to die, nor capable to live.

Ism. But now her Grief has wrought her into Frenzy;
The Images her troubled Fancy forms
Are incoherent, wild; her Words disjointed:
Sometimes she raves for Musick, Light and Air,
Nor Air, nor Light, nor Musick calm her Pains;
Then with extatick Strength she springs aloft,
And moves and bounds with Vigour not her own.

Lyc. Then Life is on the Wing, then most she sinks
When most she seems reviv'd. Like boiling Water,
That foams and hisses o'er the crackling Wood,
And bubbles to the brim; ev'n then most wasting,
When most it swells.

Ism. My Lord, now try your Art;
Her wild Disorder may disclose the Secret
Her cooler Sense conceal'd; the *Pythian* Goddess
Is dumb and sullen, till with Fury fill'd
She spreads, she rises, growing to the sight,
She stares, she foams, she raves; the awful Secrets
Burst from her trembling Lips, and ease the tortur'd
Maid.

But *Phædra* comes, ye Gods, how pale, how weak!

Enter

PHÆDRA and HIPPOLITUS.

5

Enter Phædra and Attendants.

Phad. Stay, Virgins, stay, I'll rest my weary Steps;
My Strength forsakes me, and my dazled Eyes
Ake with the flashing Light, my loosen'd Knees
Sink under their dull Weight, support me, *Lycon*.
Alas ! I faint.

Lyc. Afford her Ease, kind Heav'n !

Phad. Why blaze these Jewels round my wretched
Head ?

Why all this labour'd Elegance of Dress,
Why flow these wanton Curls in artful Rings ?
Take, snatch 'em hence, Alas ! you all conspire
To heap new Sorrows on my tortur'd Soul :
All, all conspire to make your Queen unhappy.

Ism. This you requir'd, and to the pleasing Task
Call'd your officious Maids, and urg'd their Art ;
You bid 'em lead you from yon hideous Darkness
To the glad chearing Day, yet now avoid it,
And hate the Light you sought.

Phad. Oh ! my *Lycon* !

Oh ! how I long to lay my weary Head
On tender flow'ry Beds and springing Grass,
To stretch my Limbs beneath the spreading Shades
Of venerable Oaks, to slake my Thirst
With the cool Nectar of refreshing Springs.

Lyc. I'll sooth her Frenzy, Come, *Phædra*, let's away,
Let's to the Woods, and Lawns, and Limpid Streams.

Phad. Come, let's away, and thou most bright *Diana*,
Goddess of Woods, immortal, chaste *Diana*,
Goddess presiding o'er the rapid Race,
Place me, O place me in the dusty Ring,

Where youthful Charioteers contend for Glory ;
 See how they mount and shake the flowing Reins,
 See from the Goal the fiery Coursers bound,
 Now they strain panting up the steepy Hill,
 Now sweep along its top, now neigh along the Vale ;
 How the Car rattles, how its kindling Wheels
 Smoak in the Whirl ! The circling Sand ascends,
 And in the noble Dust the Chariot's lost.

Lyc. What, Madam !

Phad. Ah ! my *Lycon* ! ah ! what said I ?

Where was I hurry'd by my roving Fancy ?
 My languid Eyes are wet with sudden Tears,
 And on my Face unbidden Blushes glow.

Lyc. Blush then, but blush for your destructive Silence,
 That tears your Soul, and weighs you down to Death ;
 Oh ! shou'd you die (ye Pow'rs forbid her Death)
 Who then wou'd shield from Wrongs your helpless Orphan ?

O ! he might wander, *Phadra's* Son might wander,
 A naked Suppliant thro' the World for Aid ;

Then he may cry, invoke his Mother's Name :

He may be doom'd to Chains, to Shame, to Death,
 While proud *Hippolitus* shall mount his Throne.

Phad. O Heav'ns !

Lyc. Ha, *Phadra*, are you touch'd at this ?

Phad. Unhappy Wretch ! what Name was that you spoke ?

Lyc. And does his Name provoke your just Resentments ?

Then let it raise your Fear, as well as Rage :

Think how you wrong'd him, to his Father wrong'd him,

Think how you drove him hence a wandering Exile

To

To distant Climes, then think what certain Vengeance
His Rage may wreak on your unhappy Orphan:
For his Sake then renew your drooping Spirits,
Feed with new Oil the wasting Lamp of Life,
That winks and trembles, now, just now expiring:
Make haste, preserve your Life:

Phad. Alas! too long,

Too long have I preserv'd that guilty Life.

Lyc. Guilty! what Guilt, has Blood, has horrid Mur-
ther

Imbru'd your Hands?

Phad. Alas, my Hands are guiltless.

But Oh my Heart's defil'd.

I've said too much, forbear the rest, my *Lycon*,
And let me die to save the black Confession.

Lyc. Die then, but not alone; old faithful *Lycon*
Shall be a Victim to your cruel Silence.

Will you not tell? Oh lovely, wretched Queen!

By all the Cares of your first infant Years,

By all the Love, and Faith, and Zeal I've shew'd you,

Tell me your Griefs, unfold your hidden Sorrows,

And teach your *Lycon* how to bring you Comfort.

Phad. What shall I say, malicious cruel Pow'rs?

O where shall I begin! O cruel *Venus*!

How fatal Love has been to all our Race!

Lyc. Forget it, Madam, let it die in Silence.

Phad. O *Ariadne*! O unhappy Sister!

Lyc. Cease to record your Sister's Grief and Shame.

Phad. And since the cruel God of Love requires it,
I fall the last, and most undone of all.

Lyc. Do you then love?

Phad. Alas, I groan beneath
The Pain, the Guilt, the Shame of impious Love:

Lyc. Forbid it Heaven !

Phad. Do not upbraid me, *Lycon* !

I love.—Alas ! I shudder at the Name,
My Blood runs backward, and my fault'ring Tongue
Sticks at the Sound.—I love.—O righteous Heav'n !
Why was I born with such a Sense of Virtue,
So great Abhorrence of the smallest Crime,
And yet a Slave to such impetuous Guilt ?
Rain on me, Gods, your Plagues, your sharpest Tor-
tures,

Afflict my Soul with any thing but Guilt,
And yet that Guilt is mine.—I'll think no more.
I'll to the Woods among the happier Brutes :
Come, let's away, hark the shrill Horn resounds,
The jolly Huntsmens Cries rend the wide Heav'ns :
Come, o'er the Hills pursue the bounding Stag,
Come chase the Lion and the foamy Boar,
Come rouse up all the Monsters of the Wood,
For there, ev'n there, *Hippolitus* will guard me.

Lyc. Hippolitus !

Phad. Who's he that names *Hippolitus* ?

Ah ! I'm betray'd, and all my Guilt discover'd.
Oh ! give me Poison, Swords, I'll not live, not bear it ;
I'll stop my Breath.

Ism. I'm lost, but what's that Loss !

Hippolitus is lost, or lost to me :

Yet shou'd her Charms prevail upon his Soul,
Shou'd he be false, I wou'd not wish him ill,
With my last parting Breath I'd bless my Lord ;
Then in some lonely desert Place expire,
Whence my unhappy Death shall never reach him,
Lest it shou'd wound his Peace, or damp his Joys. [*Aside.*

Lyc. Think

Lyc. Think still the Secret in your Royal Breast,
For by the awful Majesty of *Jove*,
By the All-seeing Sun, by righteous *Minos*,
By all your kindred Gods we swear, O *Phædra*,
Safe as our Lives we'll keep the fatal Secret.

Ism. etc. We swear, all swear to keep it ever secret.

Phæd. Keep it! from whom? why it's already known,
The Tale, the Whisper of the babling Vulgar:
Oh! can you keep it from your selves, unknow it?
Or do you think I'm so far gone in Guilt,
That I can see, can bear the Looks, the Eyes
Of one who knows my black detested Crimes,
Of one who knows that *Phædra* loves her Son?

Lyc. Unhappy Queen! angust, unhappy Race!
Oh! why did *Theseus* touch this fatal Shore?
Why did he save us from *Nitander's* Arms,
To bring worse Ruin on us by his Love?

Phæd. His Love indeed; for that unhappy Hour,
In which the Priests join'd *Theseus's* Hand to mine,
Shew'd the young *Scythian* to my dazled Eyes.
Gods! how I shook! what boiling Heat inflam'd
My panting Breast! how from the Touch of *Theseus*
My slack Hand dropt, and all the idle Pomp,
Priests, Altars, Victims swam before my Sight!
The God of Love, ev'n the whole God, possess me.

Lyc. At once, at first possess you!

Phæd. Yes, at first,
That fatal Ev'ning we pursu'd the Chase,
When from behind the Wood with rustling Sound
A monstrous Boar rusht forth; his baleful Eyes
Shot glaring Fire, and his stiff pointed Bristles
Rose high upon his Back; at Me he made,
Whetting his Tusks, and churning hideous Foam;

Then, then *Hippolitus* flew in to aid me;
 Collecting all himself, and rising to the Blow,
 He launch'd the whistling Spear; the well aim'd Jav'lin
 Pierc'd his tough Hide, and quiver'd in his Heart;
 The Monster fell, and gnashing with huge Tusks
 Plow'd up the Crimson Earth. But then *Hippolitus*,
 Gods! how he mov'd and look'd, when he approach'd
 me!

When hot and panting from the savage Conquest,
 Dreadful as *Mars*, and as his *Venus* lovely,
 His kindling Checks with Purple Beauties glow'd,
 His lovely, sparkling Eyes shot Martial Fires,
 Oh Godlike Form! Oh Extatic and Transport!
 My Breath grew short, my beating Heart sprung up-
 ward,

And leap'd and bounded in my heaving Bosom.
 Alas, I'm pleas'd, the horrid Story charms me.—
 No more.—That Night with Fear and Love I sick'n'd.
 Oft I receiv'd his fatal charming Visits;
 Then wou'd he talk with such an heav'nly Grace,
 Look with such dear Compassion on my Pains,
 That I cou'd wish to be so sick for ever.
 My Ears, my greedy Eyes, my thirsty Soul,
 Drank gorging in the dear delicious Poison,
 Till I was lost, quite lost in impious Love:
 And shall I drag an execrable Life:

And shall I hoard up Guilt, and treasure Vengeance?

Lyc. No; labour, strive, subdue that Guilt and live.

Phæd. Did I not labour, strive, All-seeing Pow'rs!
 Did I not weep and pray, implore your Aid?
 Burnt Clouds of Incense on your loaded Altars?
 Oh! I call'd Heav'n and Earth to my Assistance,
 All the ambitious Thirst of Fame and Empire,

And

And all the honest Pride of conscious Virtue :
I struggl'd, rav'd ; the new-born Passion reign'd
Almighty in its Birth.

Lyc. Did you e'er try
To gain his Love.

Phad. Avert such Crimes, ye Pow'rs !
No, to avoid his Love I sought his Hatred ;
I wrong'd him, shunn'd him, banish'd him from *Crete*,
I sent him, drove him from my longing Sight:
In vain I drove him, for his Tyrant Form
Reign'd in my Heart, and dwelt before my Eyes.
If to the Gods I pray'd, the very Vows
I made to Heav'n, were by my erring Tongue
Spoke to *Hippolitus*. If I try'd to sleep,
Straight to my drowzy Eyes my restless Fancy
Brought back his fatal Form, and curst my Slumber.

Lyc. First let me try to melt him into Love.

Phad. No ; did his hapless Passion equal mine,
I wou'd refuse the Bliss I most desir'd,
Consult my Fame and sacrifice my Life.
Yes, I wou'd die, Heaven knows, this very Moment,
Rather than wrong my Lord, my Husband *Theseus*.

Lyc. Perhaps that Lord, that Husband is no more ;
He went from *Crete* in haste, his Army thin,
To meet the numerous Troops of fierce *Molossians* ;
Yet tho' he lives, while ebbing Life decays,
Think on your Son.

Phad. Alas, that shocks me,
O let me see my young one, let me snatch
A hasty Farewel, a last dying Kiss.
Yet stay, his Sight will melt my just Resolves ;
But oh ! I beg with my last falling Breath ;
Cherish my Babe.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Madam, I grieve to tell you
What you must know;— Your Royal Husband's dead.

Phad. Dead! oh ye Pow'rs!

Lyc. O fortunate Event!

Then Earth-born *Lycon* may ascend the Throne,
Leave to his happy Son the Crown of *Jove*,
And be ador'd like him. [*Aside.*] Mourn, mourn, ye
Cretans,

Since he is dead whose Valour sav'd your Isle,
Whose prudent Care with flowing Plenty crown'd
His peaceful Subjects; as your tow'ring *Ida*
With spreading Oaks, and with descending Streams,
Shades and enriches all the Plains below.
Say, how he dy'd.

Mess. He dy'd as *Theseus* ought,
In Battel dy'd; *Philotas*, now a Prisoner,
That rushing on fought next his Royal Person,
That saw his thund'ring Arm beat Squadrons down,
Saw the great Rival of *Alcides* fall:
These Eyes beheld his well-known Steed, beheld
A proud *Barbarian* glitt'ring in his Arms,
Encumber'd with the Spoil.

Phad. Is he then dead?

Is my much injur'd Lord, my *Theseus*, dead?
And don't I shed one Tear upon his Urn?
What! not a Sigh, a Groan, a soft Complaint?
Ah! these are Tributes due from pious Brides,
From a chaste Matron, and a virtuous Wife:
But savage Love, the Tyrant of my Heart,
Claims all my Sorrows, and usurps my Grief.

Lyc. Dismiss

Lyc. Dismiss that Grief and give a Loose to Joy :
He's dead, the Bar of all your Bliss is dead ;
Live then, my Queen, forget the wrinkled *Theseus*,
And take the youthful Hero to your Arms.

Phad. I dare not now admit of such a Thought,
And bless'd be Heav'n that steel'd my stubborn Heart,
That made me shun the bridal Bed of *Theseus*,
And give him Empire, but refuse him Love.

Lyc. Then may his happier Son be bless'd with
both ;
Then rouze your Soul, and muster all dour Charms,
Sooth his ambitious Mind with Thirst of Empire,
And all his tender Thoughts with soft Allurements.

Phad. But shou'd the Youth refuse my proffer'd
Love !

O shou'd he throw me from his loathing Arms !
I fear the Trial ; for I know *Hippolitus*
Fierce in the Right, and obstinately Good :
When round beset, his Virtue, like a Flood,
Breaks with resistless Force th' opposing Dams,
And bears the Mounds along ; they're hurry'd on,
And swell the Torrent they were rais'd to stop.
I dare not yet resolve, I'll try to live,
And to the awful Gods I'll leave the rest.

Lyc. Madam, your Signet, that your Slave may
order
What's most expedient for your Royal Service.

Phad. Take it, and with it take the Fate of *Phadra* :
And thou, O *Venus*, aid a suppliant Queen,
That owns thy Triumphs, and adores thy Pow'r :
O spare thy Captives, and subdue thy Foes.
On this cold *Scythian* let thy Pow'r be known,
And in a Lover's Cause assert thy own ;

Then

Then *Crete* as *Paphos* shall adore thy Shrine ;
 This Nurse of *Jove* with grateful Fires shall shine,
 And with thy Father's Flames shall worship thine. }

[Exit Phæd. &c.]

Lycon solus.

If she proposes Love, why then as surely
 His haughty Soul refuses it with Scorn.——
 Say I confine him !——If she dies he's Safe ;
 And if she lives, I'll work her raging Mind.
 A Woman scorn'd with Ease I'll work to Vengeance :
 With humble, fawning, wise, obsequious Arts
 I'll rule the Whirl and Transport of her Soul ;
 Then what her Reason hates, her Rage may act.

*When Barks glide slowly thro' the lazy Main,
 The baff'd Pilots turn the Helms in vain ;
 When driv'n by Winds they cut the foamy way,
 The Rudders govern, and the Ships obey.* [Exit.]

The End of the First Act.



ACT

A C T II.

Enter Phædra, Lycon, and Ismena. [Enter Mess.

Mess. **M**Adam, the Prince *Hippolitus* attends.

Phad. Admit him : Where, where *Phædra's* now thy Soul ?

What—Shall I speak ? And shall my guilty Tongue

Let this insulting Victor know his Pow'r ?

Or shall I still confine within my Breast

My restless Passions and devouring Flames ?

But see he comes, the lovely Tyrant comes.—

He rushes on me like a Blaze of Light,

I cannot bear the Transport of his Presence,

But sink oppress'd with Woe. [Swoons.

Enter Hippolitus.

Hip. Immortal Gods !

What have I done to raise such strange Abhorrence ?

What have I done to shake her shrinking Nature

With my Approach, and kill her with my sight ?

Lyc. Alas, another Grief devours her Soul,

And only your Assistance can relieve her.

Hip. Hah ! Make it known, that I may fly and aid her.

Lyc. But promise first, my Lord, to keep it secret.

Hip. Promise ? I swear, on this good Sword I swear,
This Sword, which first gain'd youthful *Theseus* Honour ;

Which oft has punish'd Perjury and Falshood ;

By thund'ring *Jove*, by *Gracian Hercules*,

By the Majestick Form of Godlike Heroes,

That

16 PHÆDRA and HIPPOLITUS.

That shine around, and consecrate the Steel ;
No Racks, no shame shall ever force it from me.

Phad. Hippolitus!

Hip. Yes, 'tis that Wretch who begs you to dismiss
This hated Object from your Eyes for ever.
Begg leave to march against the Foes of *Theseus*,
And to revenge or share his Father's Fate.

Phad. Oh, Hippolitus!

I own I've wrong'd you, most unjustly wrong'd you,
Drove you from Court, from *Crete*, and from your Fa-
ther ;

The Court, all *Crete*, deplor'd their suffering Hero,
And I (the sad Occasion) most of all.

Yet could you know relenting *Phadra's* Soul,
Oh could you think with what reluctant Grief
I wrong'd the Hero, whom I wish'd to cherish !
Oh ! you'd confess me wretched, not unkind,
And own those Ills did most deserve your Pity,
Which most procur'd your Hate.

Hip. My Hate to *Phadra* ?

Ha ! could I hate the Royal Spouse of *Theseus*,
My Queen, my Mother ?

Phad. Why your Queen and Mother ?
More humble Titles suit my lost Condition.
Alas ! the Iron Hand of Death is on me,
And I have only time t' implore your Pardon.
Ah ! would my Lord forget injurious *Phadra*,
And with Compassion view her helpless Orphan !
Would he receive him to his dear Protection,
Defend his Youth from all encroaching Foes !

Hip. Oh, I'll defend him ! with my Life defend him !
Heav'n's dart your Judgments on this faithless Head,
If I don't pay him all a Slave's Obedience,

And

And all a Father's Love.

Phad. A Father's Love !

Oh doubtful Sounds ! oh vain, deceitful Hopes !
My Griefs much eas'd by this transcending Goodness,
And *Theſeus* Death, fits lighter on my Soul :
Death ? He's not dead ! he lives, he breaths, he speaks,
He lives in you, he's preſent to my Eyes,
I ſee him, ſpeak to him. — My Heart ! I rave
And all my Folly's known.

Hip. Oh ! glorious Folly !

See *Theſeus*, ſee, how much your *Phadra* lov'd you.

Phad. Love him, indeed ! dote, languish, dye for him,
Forſake my Food, my Sleep, all Joys for *Theſeus*,
(But not that Hoary venerable *Theſeus*,)
But *Theſeus*, as he was, when mantling Blood,
Glow'd in his lovely Cheeks ; when his bright Eyes
Sparkl'd with youthful Fires ; when ev'ry Grace
Shone in the Father, which now crowns the Son ;
When *Theſeus* was *Hippolitus*.

Hip. Ha ! Amazement ſtrikes me !

Where will this end ?

Lyc. Is't difficult to gueſs ?

Does not her flying Paleneſs that but now
Sat cold and languid in her fading Cheek,
(Where now ſucceeds a momentary Luſtre,)
Does not her beating Heart, her trembling Limbs,
Her wiſhing Looks, her Speech, her preſent Silence,
All, all proclaim Imperial *Phadra* loves you.

Hip. What do I hear ? What, does no lightning Flaſh,
No Thunder bellow, when ſuch monſtrous Crimes,
Are own'd, avow'd, confeſt ? All-ſeeing Sun !
Hide, hide in ſhameful Night, thy beamy Head,
And ceaſe to view the Horrors of thy Race.

Alas !

Alas ! I share th' amazing Guilt ; these Eyes,
That first inspir'd the black incestuous Flame,
These Ears, that heard the Tale of impious Love,
Are all accurst, and all deserve your Thunder.

Phad. Alas, my Lord ! Believe me not so vile.
No : By thy Goddess, by the chaste *Diana*,
None but my first, my much lov'd Lord *Arfarnes*,
Was e'er receiv'd in these unhappy Arms.
No ! For the Love of thee, of those dear Charms,
Which now I see are doom'd to be my Ruin,
I still deny'd my Lord, my Husband *Theseus*,
The chaste, the modest Joys of spotless Marriage ;
That drove him hence to War, to stormy Seas,
To Rocks and Waves less cruel than his *Phædra*.

Hip. If that drove *Theseus* hence, then that kill'd
Theseus,
And cruel *Phædra* kill'd her Husband *Theseus*.

Phad. Forbear, rash Youth, nor dare to rouse my
Vengeance ;
You need not urge, nor tempt my swelling Rage
With black Reproaches, Scorn and Provocation,
To do a Deed my Reason would abhor.
Long has the Secret struggled in my Breast,
Long has it rack'd and rent my tortur'd Bosom ;
But now 'tis out. Shame, Rage, Confusion tear
And drive me on to act unheard-of Crimes,
To murder thee, my self, and all that know it.
As when Convulsions cleave the lab'ring Earth,
Before the dismal Yawn appears, the Ground
Trembles and heaves, the nodding Houses crash ;
He's safe, who from the dreadful Warning flies,
But he that sees its opening Bosom, dies.

[Exit.

Hip.

Hip. Then let me take the Warning and retire ;
I'd rather trust the rough *Ionian* Waves,
Than Woman's fiercer Rage.

[*Ismena shows her self, listening.*

Lyc. Alas ! my Lord,
You must not leave the Queen to her Despair.

Hip. Must not ? From thee ? From that vile upstart *Lycan*,

Lyc. Yes : From that *Lycan* who derives his Greatness
From *Phædra's* Race, and now would guard her Life.

Then, Sir, forbear, and view this Royal Signet,
And in her faithful Slave obey the Queen.

[*Enter Guards.*

Guards, watch the Prince, but at that awful Distance,
With that Respect, it may not seem Confinement,
But only meant for Honour.

Hip. So, Confinement is
The Honour *Crete* bestows on *Theseus* Son.
Am I confin'd ? And is't so soon forgot,
When fierce *Procrustes* Arms o'er-ran your Kingdom ?
When your Streets echo'd with the Cries of Orphans,
Your shrieking Maids clung round the hallow'd Shrines,
When all your Palaces and lofty Towers
Smoak'd on the Earth, when the red Sky around
Glow'd with your City's Flames (a dreadful Lustre) :
Then, then my Father flew to your Assistance ;
Then *Theseus* sav'd your Lives, Estates and Honours,
And do you thus reward the Hero's Toil ?
And do you now confine the Hero's Son ?

Lyc. Take not an easie short Confinement ill,
Which your own Safety and the Queen's requires ;
But fear not ought from one that joys to serve you.

Hip. O, I disdain thee, Traitor, but not fear thee,
Nor will I hear of Services from *Lycan*.

Thy

Thy very Looks are Lies, eternal Falshood
 Smiles in thy Lips and flatters in thy Eyes ;
 Ev'n in thy humble Face I read my Ruin,
 In ev'ry cringing Bow and fawning Smile :
 Why else, d'you whisper out your dark Suspitions?
 Why with malignant Elogies encrease
 The Peoples Fears, and praise me to my Ruin?
 Why through the troubl'd Streets of frighted *Gnossus*
 Do Bucklers, Helms and polish'd Armor blaze?
 Why sounds the dreadful Din of instant War?
 Whilst still the Foe's unknown.

Lyc. Then quit thy Arts.
 Put off the Statesman and resume the Judge. [*Aside.*
 Thou *Proteus*, shift thy various Forms no more,
 But boldly own the God.—That Foe's too near.

[*To Hip.*

The Queens Disease, and your aspiring Mind
 Disturb all *Crete*, and give a Loose to War.
Hip. Gods! Dares he speak thus to a Monarch's Son?
 And must this Earth-born Slave command in *Crete*?
 Was it for this my God-like Father fought?
 Did *Theseus* bleed for *Lycon*? O ye *Cretans*,
 See there your King, the Successor of *Minos*,
 And Heir of *Jove*.

Lyc. You may as well provoke
 That *Jove* you worship, as this Slave you scorn.
 Go seize *Alcmaon*, *Nicias*, and all
 The black Abettors of his impious Treason.
 Now o'er thy Head th' avenging Thunder rolls :
 For know on me depends thy instant Doom.
 Then learn (Proud Prince) to bend thy haughty Soul,
 And if thou think'st of Life, obey the Queen.

Hip.

Hip. Then free from Fear or Guilt I'll wait my Doom :
What e'er's my Fault, no stain shall blot my Glory.
I'll guard my Honour, you dispose my Life ;

[*Ex. Lyc. and Crat.*

Since he dares brave my Rage, the Danger's near.
The timorous Hounds that hunt the generous Lyon
Bay afar off, and tremble in pursuit ;
But when he struggles in th' entangling Toils,
Insult the dying Prey.——'Tis kindly done, *Ismena*,

[*Ism. Enters.*

With all your Charms to visit my Distress ;
Softens my Chains, and make Confinement easie.
Is it then giv'n me to behold thy Beauties !
Those blushing Sweets, those lovely loving Eyes !
To press, to strain thee to my beating Heart,
And grow thus to my Love ! What's Liberty to this ?
What's Fame or Greatness ? Take 'em, take 'em, *Phædra*,
Freedom and Fame, and in the dear Confinement
Enclose me thus for ever.

Ism. O *Hippolitus* !

O I could ever dwell in this Confinement !
Nor wish for ought while I behold my Lord ;
But yet that Wish, that only Wish is vain,
When my hard Fate thus forces me to beg you,
Drive from your God-like Soul a wretched Maid ;
Take to your Arms (assist me Heaven to speak it)
Take to your Arms Imperial *Phædra*,
And think of me no more.

Hip. Not think of thee ?
What ! Part, for ever part ? Unkind *Ismena* :
Oh ! can you think that Death is half so dreadful,
As it would be to live, and live without thee ?
Say, should I quit thee, should I turn to *Phædra*,

Say,

Say, could'st thou bear it ? Could thy tender Soul
Endure the Torment of despairing Love,
And see me settled in a Rival's Arms ?

Ism. Think not of me : Perhaps my equal mind
May learn to bear the Fate the Gods allot me.
Yet would you hear me ; could your lov'd *Ismena*
With all her Charms o'er-rule your sullen Honour,
You yet might live, nor leave the poor *Ismena*.

Hip. Speak, if I can, I'm ready to obey.

Ism. Give the Queen hopes.

Hip. No more.—My Soul disdains it
No, should I try, my haughty Soul would swell ;
Sharpen each Word, and threaten in my Eyes.
O ! should I stoop to cringe, to lye, forswear ?
Deserve the Ruin which I strive to shun ?

Ism. O, I can't bear this cold Contempt of Death !
This rigid Virtue, that prefers your Glory
To Liberty or Life. O cruel Man !
By these sad Sighs, by these poor streaming Eyes,
By that dear Love that makes us now unhappy,
By the near Danger of that precious Life,
Heav'n knows I value much above my own.
What ! Not yet mov'd ? Are you resolv'd on Death ?
Then, e'er 'tis Night I swear by all the Powers
This Steel shall end my Fears and Life together.

Hip. You shan't be trusted with a Life so precious.
No, to the Court I'll publish your Design,
Ev'n bloody *Lycon* will prevent your Fate ;
Lycon shall wrench the Dagger from your Bosom,
And raving *Phædra* will preserve *Ismena*.

Ism. *Phædra* ! Come on, I'll lead you on to *Phædra* !
I'll tell her all the Secrets of our Love,
Give to her Rage her close destructive Rival ;

Her Rival sure will fall, her Love may save you.
Come see me labour in the Pangs of Death,
My agonizing Limbs, my dying Eyes,
Dying, yet fixt in Death on my *Hippolitus*.

Hip. What's your Design? Ye Pow'rs! What means
my Love?

Ism. She means to lead you in the Road of Fate;
She means to dye with one she can't preserve.
Yet when you see me pale upon the Earth,
This once lov'd Form grown horrible in Death,
Sure your relenting Soul would wish you'd sav'd me.

Hip. Oh! I'll do all, do any thing to save you,
Give up my Fame and all my darling Honour:
I'll run, I'll fly; what you'll command I'll say.

Ism. Say, what Occasion, Chance, or Heav'n inspires;
Say, that you love her, that you lov'd her long;
Say, that you'll wed her, say that you'll comply;
Say, to preserve your Life, say any thing.
Bless him, ye Pow'rs! And if it be a Crime, [*Exit Hip.*
Oh! if the pious Fraud offend your Justice,
Aim all your Vengeance on *Ismena's* Head;
Punish *Ismena*, but forgive *Hippolitus*.

He's gone, and now my brave Resolves are stagger'd,
Now I repent, like some despairing Wretch
That boldly plunges in the frightful Deep,
Then pants, and struggles with the whirling Waves;
And catches every slender Reed to save him.

Cho. But should he do what your Commands en-
joyn'd him,
Say, should he wed her?

Ism. Should he wed the Queen!
Oh! I'd remember that 'twas my Request,
And dye well pleas'd I made the Heroe happy.

Cho.

Cho. Dye ! Does *Ismena* then resolve to dye ?

Ism. Can I then live ? Can I, who lov'd so well
To part with all my Bliss to save my Lover ?
Oh ! can I drag a wretched Life without him,
And see another revel in his Arms ?
Oh ! 'tis in Death alone I can have Comfort !

Enter Lycon.

Lyc. What a Reverse is this ? Perfidious Boy,
Is this thy Truth ? Is this thy boasted Honour ?
Then all are Rogues alike : I never thought
But one Man honest, and that one deceives me. [*Aside.*
Ismena here !——

'Tis all agreed, and now the Prince is safe
From the sure Vengeance of despairing Love.
Now *Phædra's* Rage is chang'd to soft Endearments,
She doats, she dyes ; and few, but tedious Days,
With endless Joys will crown the happy Pair.

Ism. Does he then wed the Queen ?

Lyc. At least I think so.
I, when the Prince approach'd, not far retir'd
Pale with my Doubts : He spoke ; th' attentive Queen
Dwelt on his Accents, and her gloomy Eyes
Sparkled with gentler Fires : He blushing bow'd,
She trembling, lost in Love, with soft Confusion
Receiv'd his Passion and return'd her own :
Then smiling turn'd to me, and bid me order
The pompous Rites of her ensuing Nuptials,
Which I must now pursue. Farewel, *Ismena*. [*Exit.*

Ism. Then I'll retire, and not disturb their Joys.

Cho. Stay and learn more.

Ism. Ah ! wherefore should I stay ?
What !

What! Shall I stay to rave, t'upraid, to hold him?
To snatch the struggling Charmer from her Arms?
For could you think That open gen'rous Youth
Could with feign'd Love deceive a jealous Woman?
Could he so soon grow artful in dissembling?
Ah! Without doubt his Thoughts inspired his Tongue,
And all his Soul receiv'd a real Love.
Perhaps new Graces darted from her Eyes,
Perhaps soft Pity charm'd his yielding Soul,
Perhaps her Love, perhaps her Kingdom charm'd him;
Perhaps—Alas! how many things might charm him!

Cho. Wait the Success: It is not yet decided.

Ism. Not yet decided! Did not *Lycon* tell us
How he protested, sigh'd, and look'd, and vow'd;
How the soft Passion languish'd in his Eyes?
Yes, yes, he loves, he doats on *Phædra's* Charms.
Now, now he clasps her to his panting Breast,
Now he devours her with his eager Eyes,
Now grasps her Hands, and now he looks, and vows
The dear false things that charm'd the poor *Ismena*.
He comes: Be still, my Heart, the Tyrant comes,
Charming, tho' false, and lovely in his Guilt.

Enter Hippolitus.

Hip. Why hangs that cloudy Sorrow on your Brow?
Why do you sigh? Why flow your swelling Eyes,
Those Eyes that us'd with Joy to view *Hippolitus*.

Ism. My Lord, my Soul is charm'd with your Success;
You know, my Lord, my Fears are but for you,
For your dear Life; and since my Death alone
Can make you safe, That soon shall make you happy.
Yet had you brought less Love to *Phædra's* Arms,

C

My

My Soul had parted with a less Regret,
Blest if surviving in your dear Remembrance.

Hip. Your Death! My Love! My Marriage! And to
Phædra!

Hear me, *Ismena*.

Ism. No, I dare not hear you.
But tho' you've been thus cruelly unkind,
Tho' you have left me for the Royal *Phædra*,
Yet still my Soul o'er runs with Fondness t'wards You,
Yet still I dye with Joy to save *Hippolitus*.

Hip. Dye to save me! Could I outlive *Ismena*?

Ism. Yes, you'd outlive her in your *Phædra's* Arms,
And may you there find ev'ry blooming Pleasure;
Oh, may the Gods show'r Blessings on thy Head!
May the Gods crown thy glorious Arms with Conquest,
And all thy peaceful Days with sure Repose!
May'st thou be blest with lovely *Phædra's* Charms,
And for thy Ease forget the lost *Ismena*!
Farewell, *Hippolitus*.

Hip. *Ismena* stay,
Stay, hear me speak, or by th' infernal Powers
I'll not survive the Minute you depart.

Ism. What would you say? Ah! don't deceive my
Weakness.

Hip. Deceive thee! Why, *Ismena*, do you wrong me?
Why doubt my Faith? O lovely, cruel Maid!
Why wound my tender Soul with harsh Suspicion!
Oh! by those charming Eyes, by thy dear Love,
I neither thought nor spoke, design'd nor promis'd
To love, or wed the Queen.

Ism. Speak on, my Lord,
My honest Soul inclines me to believe thee;
And much I fear, and much I hope I've wrong'd thee.

Hip.

Hip. Then thus. I came and spake, but scarce of Love ;

The easie Queen receiv'd my faint Address
Which eager Hope and unsuspicious Faith.

Lycon with seeming Joy dismiss'd my Guards,
My gen'rous Soul disdain'd the mean Deceit,
But still deceiv'd her to obey *Ismena*.

Ism. Art thou then true? Thou art. Oh pardon me,
Pardon the Errors of a silly Maid,
Wild with her Fears, and mad with Jealousie;
For still that Fear, that Jealousie was Love.
Haste then, my Lord, and save your self by Flight;
And when you're absent, when your God-like Form
Shall cease to chear forlorn *Ismena's* Eyes,
Then let each Day, each Hour, each Minute bring
Some kind Remembrance of your constant Love ;
Speak of your Health, your Fortune, and your Friends,
(For sure those Friends shall have my tender'st wishes)
Speak much of all ; but of thy dear, dear Love,
Speak much, speak very much, and still speak on.

Hip. Oh ! thy dear Love shall ever be my Theme,
Of that alone I'll talk the live long Day ;
But thus I'll talk, thus dwelling in thy Eyes,
Tasting the Odours of thy fragrant Bosom.
Come then to crown me with immortal Joys,
Come, be the kind Companion of my Flight,
Come haste with me to leave this fatal Shore.
The Bark before prepar'd for my Departure
Expects its Freight, a hundred lusty Rowers
Have way'd their sinewy Arms, and call'd *Hippolitus* ;
The loosen'd Canvas trembles with the Wind,
And the Sea whitens with auspicious Gales.

28. PHÆDRA and HIPPOLITUS.

Ism. Fly then, my Lord, and may the Gods protect thee;
Fly, e'er insidious *Lycon* work thy Ruin;
Fly, e'er my Fondness talk thy Life away;
Fly from the Queen.

Hip. But not from my *Ismena*.
Why do you force me from your heav'nly sight,
With those dear Arms that ought to clasp me to thee?

Ism. Oh I could rave for ever at my Fate!
And with alternate Love and Fear possess'd,
Now force thee from my Arms, now snatch thee t'my
Breast,

And tremble till you go, but dye till you return.
Nay, I could go——Ye Gods, if I should go,
What would Fame say? If I should fly alone
With a young lovely Prince that charm'd my Soul?

Hip. Say you did well to fly a certain Ruin,
To fly the Fury of a Queen incens'd,
To crown with endless Joys the Youth that lov'd you.
O! by the Joys our mutual Loves have brought,
By the blest Hours I've languish'd at your Feet,
By all the Love you ever bore *Hippolitus*,
Come fly from hence, and make him ever happy.

Ism. Hide me, ye Pow'rs; I never shall resist.

Hip. Will you refuse me? Can I leave behind me
All that inspires my Soul, and cheers my Eyes?
Will you not go? Then here I'll wait my Doom.
Come, raving *Phædra*, bloody *Lycon* come!
I offer to your Rage this worthless Life,
Since 'tis no longer my *Ismena's* Care.

Ism. O! haste away, my Lord; I go, I fly
Thro' all the Dangers of the boist'rous Deep.
When the Wind whistles thro' the crackling Masts,

When

When thro' the yawning Ship the foaming Sea
Rowls bubbling in ; then, then I'll clasp thee fast,
And in transporting Love forget my Fear.
Oh ! I will wander thro' the *Scythian* Gloom,
O'er Ice, and Hills of everlasting Snow :
There, when the horrid Darkness shall enclose us,
When the bleak Wind shall chill my shiv'ring Limbs,
Thou shalt alone supply the distant Sun,
And chear my gazing Eyes, and warm my Heart.

Hip. Come, let's away, and like another *Jason*
I'll bear my beauteous Conquest thro' the Seas :
A greater Treasure, and a nobler Prize
Than he from *Colchos* bore. Sleep, sleep in peace,
Ye Monsters of the Woods, on *Ida's* top
Securely roam ; no more my early Horn
Shall wake the lazy Day. Transporting Love
Reigns in my Heart, and makes me all its own.

So when bright *Venus* yielded up her Charms,
The Blest *Adonis* languish'd in her Arms ;
His idle Horn on fragrant Mirtles hung,
His Arrows scatter'd, and his Bow unstrung :
Obscure in Coverts lye his dreaming Hounds,
And bay the fancy'd Boar with feeble Sounds.
For nobler Sports he quits the savage Fields,
And all the Heroe to the Lover yields.

The End of the Second Act.

ACT 3

A C T III.

Enter Lycon.

Lyc. **H**Eav'n is at last appeas'd : The pitying Gods
 Have heard our Wishes, and auspicious *Jove*
 Smiles on his Native Isle; for *Phædra* lives,
 Restor'd to *Crete*, and to her self, she lives;
 Joy with fresh Strength inspires her drooping Limbs,
 Revives her Charms, and o'er her faded Cheeks
 Spreads a fresh rosie Bloom, as kindly Springs
 With genial Heat renew the frozen Earth,
 And paint its smiling Face with gawdy Flow'rs.
 But see she comes, the beaut'ous *Phædra* comes.

Enter Phædra.

How her Eyes sparkle ! How their radiant Beams
 Confess their shining Ancestor the Sun !
 Your Charms to Day will wound despairing Crowds,
 And give the Pains you suffer'd : Nay, *Hippolitus*
 The fierce, the brave, th' insensible *Hippolitus*
 Shall pay a willing Homage to your Beauty,
 And in his turn adore——

Phad. 'Tis Flatt'ry all ;

Yet when you name the Prince, that Flatt'ry's pleasing.
 You wish it so, poor good old Man, you wish it.
 The fertile Province of *Cydonia*'s thine ;
 Is there ought else ? Has happy *Phædra* ought,
 In the wide Circle of her far stretch'd Empire ?
 Ask, take, my Friend, secure of no Repulse ?
 Let spacious *Crete* thro' all her hundred Cities

Resound

Resound her *Phædra's* Joy. Let Altars smoak,
And richest Gums, and Spice, and Incense roll
Their fragrant Wreaths to Heav'n, to pitying Heav'n,
Which gives *Hippolitus* to *Phædra's* Arms.
Set All at large, and bid the loathsome Dungeons
Give up the meagre Slaves that pine in Darkeness,
And waste in Grief, as did despairing *Phædra* :
Let them be chear'd, let the starv'd Prisoners riot,
And glow with gen'rous Wine.—Let Sorrow cease.
Let none be wretched, none, since *Phædra's* happy.
But now he comes, and with an equal Passion
Rewards my Flame, and springs into my Arms !

Enter Messenger.

Say, where's the Prince ?

Mess. He's no where to be found.

Phad. Perhaps he hunts.

Mess. He hunted not to Day.

Phad. Ha ! Have you search'd the Walks, the Courts,
the Temples ?

Mess. Search'd all in vain.

Phad. Did he not hunt to Day ?

Alas ! you told me once before he did not :

My Heart misgives me.

Lyc. So indeed doth mine.

Phad. Cou'd he deceive me ? Cou'd that Godlike
Youth

Design the Ruin of a Queen that loves him ?

Oh ! he's all Truth, his Words, his Looks, his Eyes

Open to view his inmost Thoughts.—He comes !

Ha ! Who art thou ? Whence com'st thou ? Where's

Hippolitus ?

Mess. Madam, *Hippolitus* with fair *Ismena*
Drove tow'rd the Port——

Phæd. With fair *Ismena*!
Curs'd be her cruel Beauty, curst her Charms,
Curst all her soothing, fatal, false Endearments.
That heav'nly Virgin, that exalted Goodness
Cou'd see me tortur'd with despairing Love,
With artful Tears cou'd mourn my monstrous Suff'rings,
While her base Malice plotted my Destruction.

Lyc. A thousand Reasons croud upon my Soul,
That evidence their Love.

Phæd. Yes, yes, they love;
Why else should he refuse my proffer'd Bed?
Why should One warm'd with Youth, and Thirst of
Glory,

Disdain a Soul, a Form, a Crown like mine?

Lyc. Where, *Lycon*, where was then thy boasted cunning?

Dull, thoughtless Wretch!

Phæd. O Pains unfelt before!
The Grief, Despair, the Agonies, and Pangs,
All the wild Fury of distracted Love,
Are nought to this.—Say, famous Politician,
Where, when, and how did their first Passion rise?
Where did they breath their Sighs? What shady Groves?
What gloomy Woods conceal'd their hidden Loves?
Alas! They hid it not, the well pleas'd Sun
With all his Beams survey'd their guiltless Flame;
Glad *Zephyrs* wafted their untainted Sighs,
And *Ida* eccho'd their endearing Accents.
While I, the Shame of Nature, hid in Darkness,
Far from the balmy Air and cheering Light,
Prest down my Sighs, and dry'd my falling Tears,

Searcht

Searcht a Retreat to mourn, and watcht to grieve.

Lyc. Now cease that Grief, and let your injur'd Love
Contrive due Vengeance; let Majestick *Phædra*,
That lov'd the Hero, Sacrifice the Villain.
Then haste, send forth your Ministers of Vengeance,
To snatch the Traytor from your Rival's Arms,
And force him trembling to your awful Presence.

Phad. O rightly thought——Dispatch th' attending
Guards,

Bid them bring forth their Instruments of Death;
Darts, Engines, Flames, and lanch into the deep,
And hurl swift Vengeance on the perjur'd Slave.
Where am I, Gods? What is't my Rage commands?
Ev'n now he's gone? Ev'n now the well tim'd Oars
With sounding Stroaks divide the sparkling Waves,
And happy Gales assist their speedy Flight.
Now they embrace, and ardent Love enflames
Their flushing Cheeks, and trembles in their Eyes.
Now they expose my Weakness and my Crimes:
Now to the sporting Crowd they tell my Follies.

Enter Cratander.

Crat. Sir, as I went to seize the Persons order'd
I met the Prince, and with him fair *Ismena*;
I seiz'd the Prince, who now attends without.

Phad. Haste, bring him in.

Lyc. Be quick and seize *Ismena*.

Enter Hippolitus.

Phad. Cou'dst thou deceive me? Cou'd a Son of
Theseus
Stoop to so mean, so base a Vice as Fraud?

Nay, act such monstrous Perfidy, yet start
From promis'd Love?

Hip. My Soul disdain'd a Promise.

Phad. But yet your false equivocating Tongue,
Your Looks, your Eyes, your ev'ry Motion promis'd.
But you are ripe in Frauds, and learn'd in Fallshoods.
Look down, O *Theseus*, and behold thy Son,
As *Sciron* faithless, as *Procrustes* cruel.
Behold the Crimes, the Tyrants, all the Monsters,
From which thy Valour purg'd the groaning Earth:
Behold them all in thy own Son reviv'd.

Hip. Touch not my Glory, lest you stain your own;
I still have strove to make my glorious Father
Blush, yet rejoyce to see himself outdone;
To mix my Parents in my lineal Vertues,
As *Theseus* just, and as *Camilla* chaste

Phad. The Godlike *Theseus* never was thy Parent,
No, 'twas some Monthly *Cappadocian* Drudge,
Obedient to the Scourge, and beaten to her Arms,
Begot thee, Traytor, on the chaste *Camilla*.

Camilla chaste! An *Amazon* and chaste!
That quits her Sex, and yet retains her Vertue.
See the chaste Matron mount the neighing Steed;
In strict Embraces lock the struggling Warriour,
And choose the Lover in the sturdy Foe.

Enter Messenger, and seems to talk earnestly with Lycon.

Hip. No; she refus'd the Vows of Godlike *Theseus*,
And chose to stand his Arms, not meet his Love;
And doubtful was the Fight. The wide *Thermodoon*
Heard the huge Stroaks resound, its frighted Waves
Convey'd the rattling din to distant Shores,

Whist

Whilst she alone supported all his War:
Nor till she sank beneath his thund'ring Arm,
Beneath which, warlike Nations bow'd, wou'd yield
To honest wisht for Love.

Phæd. Not so her Son;
Who boldly ventures on forbidden Flames,
On one descended from the cruel *Pallas*,
Foe to thy Father's Person and his Blood;
Hated by him, of Kindred yet more hated,
The last of all the wicked Race he ruin'd:
In vain a fierce successive Hatred reign'd
Between your Sires: In vain, like *Cadmus* Race,
With mingl'd Blood they dy'd the blushing Earth.

Hip. In vain indeed, since now the War is o'er;
We, like the *Theban* Race, agree to Love,
And by our mutual Flames and future Offspring,
Atone for Slaughter past.

Phæd. Your future Offspring.
Heav'ns! What a Medley's this? What dark Confusion,
Of Blood and Death, of Murder and Relation?
What Joy t' had been to old disabled *Theseus*,
When he should take the Offspring in his Arms?
Ev'n in his Arms to hold an Infant *Pallas*,
And be upbraided with his Granfire's Fate.
Oh barb'rous Youth!

Lyc. Too barbarous I fear.
Perhaps ev'n now his Faction's up in Arms,
Since waving Crowds roll onwards tow'rd the Palace,
And rend the City with tumultuous Clamours!
Perhaps to murder *Phædra* and her Son,
And give the Crown to him and his *Ismena*:
But I'll prevent it. [Exit *Lyc.*

Ismena brought in.

Phad. What! the kind *Ismena*

That nurs'd me, watch'd my Sickness! Oh she watch'd me,

As rav'nous Vultures watch the dying Lyon,
To tear his Heart, and riot in his Blood.

Hark! Hark my little Infant cries for Justice!
Oh! Be pleas'd my Babe, thou shalt have Justice.
Now all the Spirits of my Godlike Race
Enflame my Soul, and urge me on to Vengeance.

Arsimenes, Minos, Jove, th' avenging Sun
Inspire my Fury and demand my Justice.

Oh! you shall have it; thou, *Minos*, shalt applaud it;
Yes thou shalt copy it in their Pains below.
Gods of Revenge arise.—He comes! He comes!
And shoots himself thro' all my kindling Blood.

I have it here.—Now base perfidious Wretch,
Now sigh, and weep, and tremble in thy turn.
Yes, your *Ismena* shall appease my Vengeance.

Ismena dies: And thou her pitying Lover
Doom'dst her to Death.—Thou too shalt see her bleed;
See her convulsive Pangs, and hear her dying Groans:
Go, glut thy Eyes with thy ador'd *Ismena*,
And laugh at dying *Phadra*!

Hip. Oh *Ismena*!

Ism. Alas! My tender Soul won'd shrink at Death,
Shake with its Fears, and sink beneath its Pains,
In any Cause but this.—But now I'm steel'd,
And the near Danger lessens to my sight.
Now, if I live, 'tis only for *Hippolitus*,
And with an equal Joy I'll dye to save him.

Yes,

Yes, for his Sake I'll go a willing Shade,
And wait his coming in th' *Elysian* Fields,
And there enquire of each descending Ghost
Of my lov'd Heroe's Welfare, Life, and Honour.
That dear Remembrance will improve the Bliss;
Add to th' *Elysian* Joys, and make that Heav'n more
happy.

Hip. Oh heav'nly Virgin! [*Aside.*] O imperial *Phadra*,
Let your Rage fall on this devoted Head;
But spare, oh! spare a guiltless Virgin's Life:
Think of her Youth, her Innocence, her Vertue;
Think, with what warm Compassion she bemoan'd you
Think, how she serv'd and watch'd you in your Sickness!
How ev'ry rising and descending Sun
Saw kind *Ismena* watching o'er the Queen.
I only promis'd, I alone deceiv'd you;
And I, and only I, shou'd feel your Justice.

Ism. Oh! By those Pow'rs, to whom I soon must
answer
For all my Faults, by that bright Arch of Heav'n
I now last see, I wrought him by my Wiles,
By Tears, by Threats, by ev'ry Female Art,
Wrought his disdainful Soul to false Compliance.
The Son of *Theseus* could not think of Fraud,
'Twas Woman all.

Phad. I see 'twas Woman all.
And Woman's Fraud shou'd meet with Woman's Ven-
geance.
But yet thy Courage, Truth, and Vertue shock me:
A Love so warm, so firm, so like my own.
Oh! had the Gods so pleas'd; had bounteous Heav'n
Bestow'd *Hippolitus* on *Phadra*'s Arms,
So had I stood the shock of angry Fate;

So

So had I giv'n my Life with Joy to save him.

Hip. And can you doom her Death? Can *Minos*
Daughter

Condemn the Virtue which her Soul admires?

Are not you *Phædra*? Once the Boast of Fame,
Shame of our Sex, and Pattern of your own.

Phad. Am I that *Phædra*? No.—Another Soul
Informs my alter'd Frame. Could else *Ismena*
Provoke my Hatred, yet deserve my Love?

Aid me, ye Gods, support my sinking Glory,
Restore my Reason, and confirm my Virtue.

Yet, is my Rage unjust? Then, why was *Phædra*
Rescu'd for Torment, and preserv'd for Pain?

Why did you raise me to the height of Joy,
Above the Wreck of Clouds and Storms below,
To dash and break me on the Ground for ever?

Ism. Was it not time to urge him to Compliance?
At least to feign it, when perfidious *Lycon*
Confin'd his Person, and conspir'd his Death.

Phad. Confin'd and doom'd to Death—O cruel
Lycon!

Cou'd I have doom'd thy Death?—Cou'd these sad
Eyes

That lov'd thee living e'er behold thee dead?

Yet thou cou'dst see me dye without Concern,
Rather than save a wretched Queen from Ruin.

Else cou'd you chuse to trust the warring Winds,
The swelling Waves, the Rocks, the faithless Sands,
And all the raging Monsters of the Deep!

Oh! Think you see me on the naked Shoar.

Think how I scream and tear my scatter'd Hair;
Break from th' Embraces of my shrieking Maids,
And harrow on the Sand my bleeding Bosom:

Then

Then catch with wide stretch'd Arms the empty Billows,
And headlong plunge into the gaping Deep.

Hip. O, dismal State! My bleeding Heart Relents,
And all my Thoughts dissolve in tender'st Pity.

Phad. If you can pity, O! refuse not Love;
But stoop to rule in *Crete* the Seat of Heroes,
And Nursery of Gods—A hundred Cities
Court thee for Lord, where the rich busie Crowds
Struggle for Passage thro' the spacious Streets;
Where thousand Ships o'ershade the less'ning Main,
And tire the lab'ring Wind. The suppliant Nations
Bow to its Ensigns, and with lower'd Sails
Confess the Ocean's Queen. For thee alone
The Winds shall blow, and the vast Ocean roll.
For thee alone the fam'd *Cydonian* Warriours
From twanging Eughs shall send their fatal Shafts.

Hip. Then let me march their Leader, not their
Prince;
And at the Head of your renown'd *Cydonians*,
Brandish this far fam'd Sword of conqu'ring *Theseus*;
That I may shake th' *Egyptian* Tyrant's Yoke
From *Asia's* Neck, and fix it on his own;
That willing Nations may obey your Laws,
And your bright Ancestor the Sun may shine
On nought but *Phædra's* Empire.

Phad. Why not thine?
Dost thou so far detest my proffer'd Bed,
As to refuse my Crown?—O, cruel Youth!
By all the Pain that wrings my tortur'd Soul!
By all the dear deceitful Hopes you gave me,
O! ease, at least once more delude my Sorrows.
For your dear Sake I've lost my darling Honour;
For you, but now I gave my Soul to Death:

For

For you I'd quit my Crown, and stoop beneath
 The happy Bondage of an humble Wife;
 With thee I'd climb the steepy *Ida's* Summit,
 And in the scorching Heat and chilling Dews,
 O'er Hills, o'er Vales pursue the shaggy Lion;
 Careless of Danger and of wasting Toil;
 Of pinching Hunger and impatient Thirst;
 I'd find all Joys in thee.

Hip. Why stoops the Queen
 To ask, intreat, to supplicate and pray,
 To prostitute her Crown and Sexes Honour,
 To one whose humble Thoughts can only rise
 To be your Slave, not Lord?

Phæd. And is that all:
 Gods! Does he deign to force an artful Groan?
 Or call a Tear from his unwilling Eyes,
 Hard as his native Rocks, cold as his Sword,
 Fierce as the Wolves that howl'd around his Birth?
 He hates the Tyrant; and the Suppliant scorns.
 O Heaven! O *Minos*! O imperial *Jove*!
 Do ye not blush at my degenerate Weakness!
 Hence lazy, mean, ignoble Passion, fly;
 Hence from my Soul—'Tis gone, 'tis fled for ever,
 And Heav'n inspires my Thoughts with righteous Ven-
 geance.

Thou shalt no more despise my offer'd Love;
 No more *Ismena* shall upbraid my Weakness.

[*Catches Hip. Sword to stab her self.*
 Now all ye kindred Gods look down and see,
 How I'll revenge you, and my self, on *Phædra*!

Enter Lycon, and snatches away the Sword.

Lyc. Horror on Horror! *Theseus* is return'd.

Phæd.

Phæd. *Theseus!* Then what have I to do with Life?

May I be snatch'd with Winds, by Earth o'erwhelm'd,
Rather than view the Face of injur'd *Theseus*.

Now wider still my growing Horrors spread,
My Fame, my Vertue, nay, my Frenzy's fled:
Then view thy wretched Blood, Imperial *Jove*,
If Crimes enrage you, or Misfortunes move;
On me your Flames, on me your Bolts employ,
Me if your Anger spares, your Pity should destroy.

[Runs off.]

Lyc. This may do Service yet.

[Exit *Lycon*, carries off the Sword.]

Hip. Is he return'd? Thanks to the pitying Gods.

Shall I again behold his awful Eyes?

Again be folded in his loving Arms?

Yet in the midst of Joy I fear for *Phædra*;

I fear his Warmth and unrelenting Justice.

O! should her raging Passion reach his Ears,

His tender Love, by Anger fir'd, wou'd turn

To burning Rage; as soft *Cydonian* Oyl,

Whose balmy Juice glides o'er th' untasting Tongue,

Yet toucht with Fire, with hottest Flames will blaze.

But oh ye Pow'rs! I see his Godlike Form.

O Extasie of Joy! He comes, he comes!

Is it my Lord? My Father? Oh! 'tis he:

I see him, touch him, feel his known Embraces,

See all the Father in his joyful Eyes.

Enter Theseus, with others.

Where have you been, my Lord? What angry Dæmon
Hid you from *Crete*? From me?—What God has say'd
you?

Did

Did not *Philotas* see you fall? O answer me!
And then I'll ask a thousand Questions more.

Thef. No: But to save my Life I feign'd my Death
My Horse and well known Arms confirm'd the Tale,
And hinder'd farther Search. This honest *Greek*
Conceal'd me in his House, and cur'd my Wounds:
Procur'd a Vessel; and to bless me more,
Accompany'd my Flight.-----

But this at Leisure. Let me now indulge
A Father's Fondness; let me snatch thee thus;
Thus fold thee in my Arms. Such, such, was I

[Embraces Hippolitus]

When first I saw thy Mother, chaste *Camilla*;
And much she lov'd me.—Oh! Did *Phædra* view me
With half that Fondness!—But she's still unkind;
Else hasty Joy had brought her to these Arms,
To welcome me to Liberty, to Life;
And make that Life a Blessing. Come, my Son,
Let us to *Phædra*.

Hip. Pardon me, my Lord.

Thef. Forget her former Treatment; she's too good
Still to persist in Hatred to my Son.

Hip. O! Let me fly from *Crete*,—From you, [Aside
and *Phædra*.]

Thef. My Son, what means this turn? This sudden start?
Why would you fly from *Crete*, and from your Father?

Hip. Not from my Father, but from lazy *Crete*;
To follow Danger, and acquire Renown;
To quell the Monsters that escap'd your Sword,
And make the World confess me *Theseus* Son.

Thef. What can this Coldness mean? Retire, my Son,

Exit Hippolitus.

While I attend the Queen.—What shock is this?

Why

Why tremble thus my Limbs? Why faints my Heart?
Why am I thrill'd with Fear, till now unknown?
Where's now the Joy, the Extasie, and Transport,
That warm'd my Soul, and urg'd me on to Phædra?
O! had I never lov'd her, I'd been blest.

Sorrow and Joy in Love alternate reign;
Sweet is the Bliss, distracting is the Pain.
So when the Nile its fruitful Deluge spreads,
And genial Heat informs its slimy Beds;
Here yellow Harvests crown the fertile Plain,
There monstrous Serpents fright the lab'ring Swain:
A various Product fills the fatten'd Sand,
And the same Floods enrich and curse the Land.

The End of the Third Act.



ACT

A C T IV.

Enter Lycon solus.

Lyc. **T**HIS may gain Time till all my Wealth's embark'd,
 To ward my Foes Revenge, and finish mine,
 And shake that Empire which I can't possess.
 But then the Queen——She dyes——Why let her dye;
 Let wide Destruction seize on all together,
 So *Lycon* live.——A safe triumphant Exile,
 Great in Disgrace, and envy'd in his Fall.
 The Queen!——Then try thy Art and work her Passions.

Enter Phædra and Attendants.

Draw her to act what most her Soul abhors,
 Possess her whole, and speak thy self in *Phædra*.

Phad. Off, let me loose; why, cruel barb'rous Maids,
 Why am I barr'd from Death, the common Refuge,
 That spreads its hospitable Arms for all?
 Why must I drag th' insufferable Load
 Of foul Dishonour, and despairing Love?
 Oh! length of Pain! Am I so often dying,
 And yet not dead? Feel I so oft Death's Pangs?
 Nor once can find its Ease?

Lyc. Would you now dye?
 Now quit the Field to your insulting Foe?
 Then shall he triumph o'er your blasted Name:
 Ages to come, the Universe, shall learn
 The wide Immortal Infamy of *Phædra*:

T O A

And

And the poor Babe, the Idol of your Soul,
The lovely Image of your dear dead Lord,
Shall be upbraided with his Mother's Crimes;
Shall bear your Shame, shall sink beneath your Faults;
Inherit your Disgrace, but not your Crown.

Phad. Must he too fall, involv'd in my Destruction,
And only live to curse the Name of *Phædra*?
Oh dear, unhappy Babe! Must I bequeath thee
Only a sad Inheritance of Woe?
Gods! cruel Gods! Can't all my Pains atone,
Unless they reach my Infant's guiltless Head?
Oh lost Estate! When Life's so sharp a Torment,
And Death it self can't ease! Assist me, *Lycon*,
Advise, speak Comfort to my Troubled Soul.

Lyc. 'Tis you must drive that Trouble from your Soul;
As Streams when dam'd forget their ancient Current,
And wond'ring at their Banks in other Channels flow:
So must you bend your Thoughts from hopeless Love,
So turn their Course to *Theseus* happy Bosom,
And crown his eager Hopes with wish'd Enjoyment:
Then with fresh Charms adorn your troubl'd Looks,
Display the Beauties first inspir'd his Soul,
Sooth with your Voice, and woe him with your Eyes.

Phad. Impossible! What woe him with these Eyes,
Still wet with Tears that flow'd?—But not for *Theseus*?
This Tongue so us'd to sound another Name?
What! Take him to my Arms, Oh awful *Juno*!
Touch, Love, Carefs him! While my wand'ring Fancy
On other Objects strays? A lewd Adulteress
In the chaste Bed? And in the Father's Arms,
(Oh horrid Thought! Oh execrable Incest!)
Ev'n in the Father's Arms embrace the Son?

Lyc.

Lyc. Yet you must see him, least impatient Love
Shou'd urge his Temper to too nice a search,
And ill-tim'd Absence should disclose your Crime.

Phad. Cou'd I when present to his awful Eyes,
Conceal the wild Disorders of my Soul?
Wou'd not my Groans, my Looks, my Speech betray
me?

Betray thee, *Phadra*! Then thou'rt not betray'd:
Live, live secure, adoring *Crete* conceals thee:
Thy pious Love, and most endearing Goodness
Will charm the kind *Hippolitus* to Silence.
Oh wretched *Phadra*! Oh ill-guarded Secret!
To Foes alone disclos'd!

Lyc. I needs must fear them.
Spight of their Oaths, their Vows, their Imprecations,

Phad. Do Imprecations, Oaths, or Vows avail?
I too have sworn, ev'n at the Altar sworn
Eternal Love and endless Faith to *Theseus*;
And yet am false, forsworn: The hallow'd Shrine,
That heard me swear, is Witness to my Falshood.
The Youth, the very Author of my Crimes,
Ev'n he shall tell the Fault himself inspir'd;
The fatal Eloquence that charm'd my Soul
Shall lavish all its Art to my Destruction.

Lyc. Oh he will tell it all.—Destruction seize him.—
With seeming Grief, and aggravating Pity,
And more to blacken, will excuse your Folly;
False Tears shall wet his unrelenting Eyes,
And his glad Heart with artful Sighs shall heave:
Then *Theseus*—How will Indignation swell
His mighty Heart? How his majestick Frame
Will shake with Rage too fierce, too swift for vent?
How he'll expose you to the publick Scorn,

And loathing Crowds shall murmur out their Horror?

Then the fierce *Scythian*—Now methinks I see

His fiery Eyes with sullen Pleasures glow,

Survey your Tortures, and insult your Pangs;

I see him, smiling on the pleas'd *Ismena*,

Point out with Scorn the once proud Tyrant *Phadra*.

Phad. Curs'd be his Name! May Infamy attend him;

May swift Destruction fall upon his Head,

Hurl'd by the Hand of those he most adores.

Lyc. By Heaven, prophetick Truth inspires your
Tongue;

He shall endure the Shame he means to give;

And all the Torments which he heaps on you,

With just Revenge shall *Theseus* turn on him.

Phad. Is't possible? Oh *Lycon*! Oh my Refuge!

Oh good old Man! Thou Oracle of Wisdom!

Declare the means, that *Phadra* may adore thee.

Lyc. Accuse him first.

Phad. Oh Heavens! Accuse the guiltless?

Lyc. Then be accus'd; let *Theseus* know your Crime,

Let lasting Infamy o'erwhelm your Glory;

Let your Foe triumph, and your Infant fall—

Shake off this idle Lethargy of Pity,

With ready War prevent th' invading Foe,

Preserve your Glory, and secure your Vengeance:

Be yours the Fruit, Security, and Ease;

The Guilt, the Danger, and the Labour mine.

Phad. Heav'n's, *Theseus* comes!

Enter Theseus.

Lyc. Declare your last Resolves.

Phad.

Phad. Do you resolve, for *Phadra* can do nothing.

[*Exit Phædra.*]

Lyc. Now, *Lycon*, heighten his impatient Love,
Now raise his Pity, now enflame his Rage,
Quicken his Hopes, then quash 'em with Despair;
Work his tumultuous Passions into Frenzy;
Unite 'em all, then turn them on the Foe.

Thef. Was that my Queen, my Wife, my Idol, *Phædra*?

Does she still shun me? Oh injurious Heav'n!
Why did you give me back again to Life?
Why did you save me from the Rage of Battle,
To let me fall by her more fatal Hatred?

Lyc. Her Hatred! No, she loves you with such Fond-
ness,

As none! but that of *Thefens* e'er could equal;
Yet so the Gods have doom'd, so Heav'n will have it,
She ne'er must view her much lov'd *Thefens* more.

Thef. Not see her! By my Suff'rings but I will,
Tho' Troops embattl'd should oppose my Passage,
And ready Death shou'd guard the fatal way.
Not see her! Oh I'll clasp her in these Arms,
Break thro' the idle Bands that yet have held me,
And seize the Joys my honest Love may claim.

Lyc. Is this a time for Joy? When *Phadra's* Grief—

Thef. Is this a time for Grief? Is this my welcome
To Air, to Life, to Liberty, and *Crete*?
Not this I hop'd, when urg'd by ardent Love,
I wing'd my eager way to *Phadra's* Arms;
Then to my Thoughts relenting *Phadra* flew,
With open Arms to welcome my Return,
With kind endearing Blame condemn'd my Rashness,
And made me swear to venture out no more.

Oh! my warm Soul, my boiling Fancy glow'd
 With charming Hopes of yet untasted Joys;
 New Pleasures fill'd my Mind, all Dangers, Pains,
 Wars, Wounds, Defeats, in that dear Hope were lost.
 And does she now avoid my eager Love,
 Pursue me still with unrelenting Hatred,
 Invent new Pains, detest, loath, shun my sight,
 Fly my Return, and sorrow for my Safety?

Lyc. Oh think not so! For by th'unerring Gods,
 When first I told her of your wish'd Return,
 When the lov'd Name of *Theseus* reach'd her Ears,
 At that dear Name she rear'd her drooping Head,
 Her feeble Hands, and wat'ry Eyes to Heav'n,
 To bless the bounteous Gods: At that dear Name
 The raging Tempest of her Grief was calm'd;
 Her Sighs were hush'd, and Tears forgot to flow.

Thef. Did my Return bring Comfort to her Sorrow?

Then haste, conduct me to the lovely Mourner:
 Oh I will kiss the pearly drops away;
 Suck from her rosie Lips the fragrant Sighs;
 With other Sighs her panting Breast shall heave,
 With other Dews her swimming Eyes shall melt,
 With other Pangs her throbbing Heart shall beat,
 And all her Sorrows shall be lost in Love.

Lyc. Does *Theseus* burn with such unheard of Passion?
 And must not she with out-stretch'd Arms receive him?
 And with an equal Ardour meet his Vows?
 The Vows of one so dear! Oh righteous Gods!
 Why must the bleeding Heart of *Theseus* bear
 Such tort'ring Pangs? While *Phædra* dead to Love,
 Now with accusing Eyes on angry Heav'n
 Stedfastly gazes, and upbraids the Gods;

D

Now

Now with dumb piercing Grief, and humble Shame,
Fixes her gloomy watry Orbs to Earth;
Now burst with swelling Anguish, rends the Skies
With loud Complaints of her outrageous Wrongs?

Thef. Wrong'd! Is she wrong'd? And lives he yet
who wrong'd her?

Lyc. He lives, so great, so happy, so belov'd,
That *Phædra* scarce can hope, scarce wish Revenge.

Thef. Shall *Theſeus* live, and not revenge his *Phædra*?
Gods! Shall this Arm, renown'd for righteous Ven-
geance,

For quelling Tyrants, and redressing Wrongs,
Now fail? Now first, when *Phædra's* injur'd, fail?
Speak, *Lycon*, haste, declare the secret Villain,
The Wretch so meanly base to injure *Phædra*,
So rashly brave to dare the Sword of *Theſeus*.

Lyc. I dare not speak, but sure her Wrongs are
mighty:

The pale cold hue that dead'ns all her Charms,
Her Sighs, her hollow Groans, her flowing Tears
Make me suspect her monstrous Grief will end her.

Thef. End her? End *Theſeus* first, and all Mankind;
But most that Villain, that detested Slave,
That brutal Coward, that dark lurking Wretch.

Lyc. Oh noble Heat of unexamp'd Love!
This *Phædra* hop'd, when in the midst of Grief,
In the wild Torrent of o'erwhelming Sorrows,
She groaning still invok'd, still call'd on *Theſeus*.

Thef. Did she then name me? Did the weeping Char-
mer

Invoke my Name, and call for Aid on *Theſeus*?
Oh that lov'd Voice upbraided my Delay.

Why then this stay? I come, I fly, Oh *Phædra*!

Lead

Lead on——Now, dark Disturber of my Peace,
If now thou'rt known, what Luxury of Vengeance——
Haste, lead, conduct me.

Lyc. Oh ! I beg you stay.

Thef. What ! Stay when *Phædra* calls ?

Lyc. Oh ! on my Knees,

By all the Gods, my Lord, I beg you stay ;
As you respect your Peace, your Life, your Glory :
As *Phædra's* Days are precious to your Soul ;
By all your Love, by all her Sorrows, stay.

Thef. Where lies the Danger ? Wherefore should I
stay ?

Lyc. Your sudden Presence wou'd surprize her Soul,
Renew the galling Image of her Wrongs,
Revive her Sorrow, Indignation, Shame ;
And all your Son wou'd strike her from your Eyes.

Thef. My Son ?——But he's too good, too brave to
wrong her.

——Whence then that shocking Change, that strong
Surprize ;

That Fright that seiz'd him at the Name of *Phædra* ?

Lyc. Was he surpriz'd ? That shew'd at least Remorse ?

Thef. Remorse ! For what ? By Heav'n's my troubled
Thoughts

Prefage some dire Attempt.——Say, what Remorse.

Lyc. I wou'd not,——Yet I must.——This you
command ;

This *Phædra* orders ; thrice her fault'ring Tongue

Bad me unfold the guilty Scene to *Thefeus* :

Thrice with loud Cries recall'd me on my way,

And blam'd my Speed, and chid my rash Obedience.

Least the unwelcome Tale shou'd wound your Peace.

At last, with Looks serenely sad, she cry'd,

Go tell it all ; but in such artful Words,
Such tender Accents, and such melting Sounds,
As may appease his Rage, and move his Pity ;
As may incline him to forgive his Son
A grievous Fault, but still a Fault of Love.

Thes. Of Love ! What strange Suspicions wrack my
Soul ?

As you regard my Peace, declare, What Love ?

Lyc. So urg'd I must declare ; yet, pitying Heav'n,
Why must I speak ? Why must unwilling *Lycon*
Accuse the Prince of impious Love to *Phadra* ?

Thes. Love to his Mother ! To the Wife of *Theseus* ?

Lyc. Yes, at the Moment first he view'd her Eyes,
Ev'n at the Altar, when you join'd your Hands,
His easie Heart receiv'd the guilty Flame,
And from that time he prest her with his Passion.

Thes. Then 'twas for this she banish'd him from *Crete* ;
I thought it Hatred all : Oh righteous Hatred !
Forgive me, Heav'n, forgive me, injur'd *Phadra*,
That I in Secret have condemn'd thy Justice.
Oh ! 'Twas all just, and *Theseus* shall revenge,
Ev'n on his Son, revenge his *Phadra's* Wrongs.

Lyc. What easie Tools are these blunt honest Heroes,
Who with keen Hunger gorge the naked Hook,
Prevent the Bait the Statesman's Art prepares,
And post to Ruin.—Go, believing Fool,
Go, act thy far fam'd Justice on thy Son,
Next on thy self, and Both make way for *Lycon*. [*Aside.*

Thes. Ha ! Am I sure she's wrong'd ? Perhaps 'tis
Malice.

Slave, make it clear, make good your Accusation,
Or treble Fury shall revenge my Son.

Lyc.

Lyc. Am I then doubted ? And can faithful *Lycor*
Be thought to forge such execrable Falshoods ?
Gods ! When the Queen unwillingly complains,
Can you suspect her Truth ? Oh Godlike *Thesens* !
Is this the Love you bear unhappy *Phadra* ?
Is this her hop'd for Aid ? Go, wretched Matron,
Sigh to the Winds, and rend th' unpitying Heav'n's
With thy vain Sorrows ; since relentless *Thesens*,
Thy Hope, thy Refuge, *Thesens*, will not hear thee.

Thes. Not hear my *Phadra* ! Not revenge her
Wrongs !

Speak, make thy Proofs, and then his Doom's as fixt,
As when *Jove* speaks, and high *Olympus* shakes,
And Fate his Voice obeys.

Lyc. Bear Witness, Heav'n !

With what Reluctance I produce this Sword,
This fatal Proof against th' unhappy Prince,
Left it shou'd work your Justice to his Ruin.
And prove he aim'd at Force, as well as Incest.

Thes. Gods ! 'Tis Illusion all ! Is this the Sword
By which *Procrustes*, *Scyron*, *Pallas* fell ?

Is this the Weapon which my darling Son
Swore to employ in nought but Acts of Honour ?
Now, faithful Youth, thou nobly hast fulfill'd
Thy gen'rous Promise. Oh most injur'd *Phadra* !
Why did I trust to his deceitful Form ?

Why blame thy Justice, or suspect thy Truth ?

Lyc. Had you this Morn beheld his ardent Eyes,
Seen his Arm lockt in her dishevell'd Hair,
That Weapon glitt'ring o'er her trembling Bosom,
Whilst she with screams refus'd his impious Love,
Entreating Death, and rising to the Wound,
Oh ! had you seen her, when the frighted Youth

Retir'd at your Approach ; had you then seen her,
In the chaste Transports of becoming Fury,
Seize on the Sword to pierce her guiltless Bosom,
Had you seen this, you could not doubt her Truth.

Thes. Oh impious Monster ! Oh forgive me, *Phædra* !
And may the Gods inspire my injur'd Soul
With equal Vengeance that may suit his Crimes.

Lyc. For *Phædra*'s Sake forbear to talk of Vengeance ;
That with new Pains wou'd wound her tender Breast :
Send him away from *Crete*, and by his Absence
Give *Phædra* Quiet ; and afford him Mercy.

Thes. Mercy ! For what ! Oh ! well has he rewarded
Poor *Phædra*'s Mercy.——Oh most barb'rous Traytor !
To wrong such Beauty, and insult such Goodness.
Mercy ! What's that ? A Vertue coin'd by Villains ;
Who praise the Weakness which supports their Crimes.
Be mute, and fly, lest when my Rage is rous'd,
Thou for thy self in vain implore my Mercy.

Lyc. Dull Fool, I laugh at Mercy more than thou dost,
More than I do the Justice thou'rt so fond of.
Now come, young Heroe, to thy Father's Arms,
Receive the due Reward of haughty Vertue ;
Now boast thy Race, and laugh at Earth-born *Lycen*.

[Exit.

Enter Hippolitus.

Thes. Yet can it be ?——Is this th' incestuous Villain ?
How great his Presence, how erect his Look,
How ev'ry Grace, how all his vertuous Mother
Shines in his Face, and charms me from his Eyes !
Oh *Neptune* ! Oh, great Founder of our Race !
Why was he fram'd with such a Godlike Look ?

Why

Why wears he not some most detested Form,
Baleful to Sight, as horrible to Thought;
That I might act my Justice without Grief,
Punish the Villain, nor regret the Son?

Hip. May I presume to ask, what secret Care
Broods in your Breast, and clouds your royal Brow?
Why dart your awful Eyes those angry Beams,
And fright *Hippolitus*, they us'd to cheer?

Thef. Answer me first: When call'd to wait on *Phædra*,
What sudden Fear surpriz'd your troubl'd Soul?
Why did your ebbing Blood forsake your Cheeks?
Why did you hasten from your Father's Arms,
To shun the Queen your Duty bids you please?

Hip. My Lord, to please the Queen I'm forc'd to
shun her,
And keep this hated Object from her sight.

Thef. Say, what's the Cause of her inveterate Hatred?

Hip. My Lord, as yet I never gave her Cause.

Thef. Oh were it so! [*Aside.*] When last did you attend her?

Hip. When last attend her?—Oh unhappy Queen!
Your Error's known, yet I disdain to wrong you,
Or to betray a Fault my self have caus'd. [*Aside.*
When last attend her?—

Thef. Answer me directly;
Nor dare to trifle with your Father's Rage.

Hip. My Lord, this very Morn I saw the Queen.

Thef. What past?

Hip. I ask'd Permission to retire.

Thef. And was that all?

Hip. My Lord, I humbly beg
With the most low Submissions, ask no more.

Thes. Yet you don't answer with your low Submissions.

Answer, or never hope to see me more.

Hip. Too much he knows, I fear, without my telling;
And the poor Queen's betray'd and lost for ever. [*Aside.*

Thes. He changes, Gods ! And falters at the Question:
His Fears, his Words, his Looks declare him guilty.

[*Aside.*

Hip. Why do you frown, my Lord ? Why turn away,
As from some loathsome Monster, not your Son ?

Thes. Thou art that Monster, and no more my Son.
Not one of those of the most horrid Form,
Of which my Hand has eas'd the burthen'd Earth,
Was half so shocking to my Sight as thou.

Hip. Where am I, Gods ? Is that my Father *Theseus* ?
Am I awake ? Am I *Hippolitus* ?

Thes. Thou art that Fiend.—Thou art *Hippolitus*.
Thou art !—Oh fall ! Oh fatal Stain to Honour !
How had my vain Imagination form'd thee ?
Brave as *Alcides*, and as *Minos* just ?
Sometimes it led me thro' the Maze of War ;
There it survey'd thee ranging thro' the Field,
Mowing down Troops, and dealing out Destruction :
Sometimes with wholesom Laws reforming States,
Crowning their happy Joys with Peace and Plenty ;
While you—

Hip. With all my Father's Soul inspir'd,
Burnt with impatient Thirst of early Honour,
To hunt thro' bloody Fields the Chase of Glory,
And bless your Age with Trophies like your own.
Gods ! How that warm'd me ! How my throbbing Heart
Leapt to the Image of my Father's Joy,
When you shou'd strain me in your folding Arms,

And

And with kind Raptures, and with sobbing Joys
Commend my Valour, and confess your Son !
How did I think my glorious Toyl o'er paid ?
Then great indeed, and in my Father's Love,
With more than Conquest crown'd ? Go on, *Hippolitus*;
Go tread the rugged Paths of daring Honour ;
Practice the strictest, and austereft Vertue,
And all the rigid Laws of righteous *Minos*;
Theseus, thy Father *Theseus* will reward thee.

Thes. Reward thee ?——Yes, as *Minos* wou'd reward
thee.

Was *Minos* then thy Pattern ? And did *Minos*,
The Great, the Good, the Just, the Righteous *Minos*,
The Judge of Hell, and Oracle of Earth,
Did he inspire Adultery, Force, and Incest ?

Ismena appears.

Ism. Ha ! What's this ? [*Aside.*

Hip. Amazement ! Incest ?——

Thes. Incest with *Phædra*, with thy Mother *Phædra*.

Hip. This Charge so unexpected, so amazing,
So new, so strange, impossible to Thought,
Stuns my astonish'd Soul, and tyes my Voice.

Thes. Then let this wake thee, this once glorious
Sword,

With which thy Father arm'd thy Infant Hand,
Not for this Purpose. Oh abandon'd Slave !

Oh early Villain ! Most detested Coward !

With this my Instrument of youthful Glory !

With this ?——Oh noble Entrance into Arms !

With this t' invade the spotless *Phædra's* Honour ?

Phædra ! My Life ! My better half, my Queen !

That very *Phædra*, for whose just Defence
The Gods wou'd claim thy Sword.

Hip. Amazement! Death!
Heav'n's! Durst I raise the far fam'd Sword of *Theseus*
Against his Queen, against my Mother's Bosom.

Thef. If not, declare when, where, and how you
lost it?

How *Phædra* gain'd it? Oh all the Gods! He's silent.
Why was it bar'd? Whose Bosom was it aim'd at?
What meant thy Arm advanc'd, thy glowing Cheeks,
Thy Hand, Heart, Eyes? Oh Villain! Monstrous Vil-
lain!

Hip. Is there no Way, no Thought, no Beam of
Light?

No clue to guide me thro' this gloomy Maze,
To clear my Honour, yet preserve my Faith?
None! None, ye Pow'rs! And must I groan beneath
This execrable Load of foul Dishonour?

Must *Theseus* suffer such unheard of Torture!
Theseus, my Father! No, I'll break thro' all;
All Oaths, all Vows, all idle Imprecations,
I give 'em to the Winds. Hear me, my Lord!
Hear your wrong'd Son. The Sword—Oh fatal Vow!
Ensnaring Oaths, and thou, rash thoughtless Fool,
To bind thy self in voluntary Chains;

Yet to thy fatal Trust continue firm!
Beneath Disgrace, tho' infamous yet honest.
Yet hear me, Father, may the righteous Gods
Show'r all their Curses on this wretched Head.
Oh may they doom me!—

Thef. Yes, the Gods will doom thee.
The Sword, the Sword! Now swear, and call to witness
Heav'n, Hell, and Earth. I mark it not from one,
That

That breaths beneath such complicated Guilt.

Hip. Was that like Guilt, when with expanded Arms
I sprang to meet you at your wish'd Return?
Does this appear like Guilt? When thus serene,
With Eyes erect, and Visage unapall'd,
Fixt on that awful Face, I stand the Charge;
Amaz'd, not fearing: Say, if I am guilty:
Where are the conscious Looks, the Face now pale,
Now flushing red, the down-cast haggard Eyes,
Or fixt on Earth, or slowly rais'd to catch
A fearful View, then sunk again with Horror?

Thes. This is for raw, untaught, unfinish'd Villains.
Thou in thy Bloom hast reach'd th' abhorr'd Perfection:
Thy even Looks cou'd wear a peaceful Calm,
The beauteous Stamp, (oh Heavens!) of faultless Vir-
tue,

While thy foul Heart contriv'd this horrid Deed.
Oh harden'd Fiend, can't such transcending Crimes
Disturb thy Soul, or ruffle thy smooth Brow?
What no Remorse! No Qualms! No pricking Pangs!
No feeble Struggle of rebelling Honour!
O 'twas thy Joy! Thy secret Hoard of Bliss,
To dream, to ponder, act it o'er in Thought;
To doat, to dwell on; as rejoicing Misers
Brood o'er their precious Stores of secret Gold.

Hip. Must I not speak? Then say, unerring Heav'n,
Why was I born with such a Thirst of Glory?
Why did this Morning dawn to my Dishonour?
Why did not pitying Fate with ready Death
Prevent the guilty Day?

Thes. Guilty, indeed.
Ev'n at the time you heard your Father's Death,
And such a Father (Oh immortal Gods!)

As held thee dearer than his Life and Glory ;
 When thou should'st rend the Skies with clam'rous
 Grief,
 Beat thy sad Breast, and tear thy starting Hair ;
 Then to my Bed to force your impious way ;
 With horrid Lust t'insult my yet warm Urn ;
 Make me the Scorn of Hell, and Sport for Fiends !
 These are the Fun'ral Honours paid to *Theſeus*,
 These are the Sorrows, these the hallow'd Rites,
 To which you'd call your Father's hov'ring Spirit.

Enter Ismena.

Ism. Hear me, my Lord, e'er yet you fix his Doom :

[*Turning to Theſeus.*

Hear one that comes to shield his injur'd Honour,
 And guard his Life with Hazard of her own.

Theſ. Tho' thou'rt the Daughter of my hated Foe,
 Tho' ev'n thy Beauty's loathsome to my Eyes,
 Yet Justice bids me hear thee.

Ism. Thus I thank you. [*Kneels.*

Then know, mistaken Prince, his honest Soul
 Could ne'er be sway'd by impious Love to *Phædra*,
 Since I before engag'd his early Vows ;
 With all my Wiles subdu'd his struggling Heart ;
 For long his Duty struggl'd with his Love.

Theſ. Speak, is this true ? On thy Obedience, speak.

Hip. So charg'd, I own the dang'rous Truth ; I own,
 Against her Will, I lov'd the fair *Ismena*.

Theſ. Canst thou be only clear'd by Disobedience,
 And justify'd by Crimes ?—What ! Love my Foe !
 Love one descended from a Race of Tyrants,
 Whose Blood yet reaks on my avenging Sword !

I'm

I'm curst each Moment I delay thy Fate:
 Hasten to the Shades, and tell the happy *Pallas*
Ismena's Flames, and let him taste such Joys
 As thou giv'st me; go tell applauding *Minos*
 The pious Love you bore his Daughter *Phadra*;
 Tell it the chat'ring Ghosts, and hissing Furies,
 Tell it the grinning Fiends, till Hell found nothing
 To thy pleas'd Ears but *Phadra* and *Ismena*.

Enter Cratander.

Seize him, *Cratander*, take this guilty Sword,
 Let his own Hand avenge the Crimes it acted,
 And bid him die, at least, like *Theseus* Son.
 Take him away and execute my Orders.

Hip. Heav'n's! How that strikes me! How it wounds
 my Soul!

To think of your unutterable Sorrows,
 When you shall find *Hippolitus* was guiltless!

Yet when you know the Innocence you doom'd,
 When you shall mourn your Son's unhappy Fate,

Oh, I beseech you by the Love you bore me;
 With my last Words, (my Words will then prevail)

Oh for my Sake forbear to touch your Life,
 Nor wound again *Hippolitus* in *Theseus*.

Let all my Vertues, all my Joys survive
 Fresh in your Breast, but be my Woes forgot;

The Woes which Fate, and not my Father, wrought.
 Oh! Let me dwell for ever in your Thoughts,

Let me be honour'd still, but not deplor'd.

Thef. Then thy chief Care is for thy Father's Life.
 Oh blooming Hypocrite! Oh young Dissembler!

Well hast thou shewn the Care thou tak'st of *Theseus*.
 Oh all ye Gods! How this enflames my Fury!
 I scarce can hold my Rage; my eager Hands

Tremble

Tremble to reach thee. No, dishonour'd *Theseus* !
Blot not thy Fame with such a Monster's Blood.
Snatch him away.

Hip. Lead on. Farewel, *Ismena*.

Ism. Oh ! Take me with him, let me share his Fate.
Oh awful *Theseus* ! Yet revoke his Doom :
See, see the very Ministers of Death,
Tho' bred to Blood, yet shrink, and wish to save him.

Thes. Slaves, Villains, tear her from him, cut her
Arms off.

Ism. Oh ! Tear me, cut me, till my fever'd Limbs
Grow to my Lord, and share the Pains he suffers.

Thes. Villains, away.

Ism. O *Theseus* ! Hear me, hear me.

Thes. Away, nor taint me with thy loathsome Touch.
Off, Woman.

Ism. Stay, oh stay ! I'll tell you all.

[Exit *Theseus*.

Already gone.— Tell it ye conscious Walls;
Bear it ye Winds upon your pitying Wings;
Resound it, Fame, with all your hundred Tongues.
Oh hapless Youth ! All Heav'n conspires against you.
The conscious Walls conceal the fatal Secret:
Th' untainted Winds refuse th' infecting Load:
And Fame it self is mute.—Nay, ev'n *Ismena*,
Thy own *Ismena's* sworn to thy Destruction.

But still, whate'er the cruel Gods design,
In the same Fate our equal Stars combine,
And he who dooms thy Death pronounces mine.

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT

ACT V.

Enter Phædra and Lycon.

Lyc. Accuse your self? OH! On my Knees I beg you,
By all the Gods, recal the fatal Message.

Heav'n's! Will you stand the dreaded Rage of *Thesus*?
And brand your Fame, and work your own Destruction?

Phad. By thee I'm branded, and by thee destroy'd;
Thou Bosom Serpent, thou alluring Fiend!

Yet shan't you boast the Miseries you cause,
Nor scape the Ruin you have brought on all.

Lyc. Was it not your Command? Has faithful *Lycon*
E'er spoke, e'er thought, design'd, contriv'd, or acted?
Has he done ought without the Queen's Consent?

Phad. Plead'st thou Consent to what thou first in-
spir'dst?

Was that Consent? O senseless Politician!
When adverse Passions struggl'd in my Breast,
When Anger, Fear, Love, Sorrow, Guilt, Despair
Drove out my Reason, and usurp'd my Soul.

Yet this Consent you plead, O faithful *Lycon*!
Oh! only zealous for the Fame of *Phædra*!
With this you blot my Name, and clear your own;
And what's my Frenzy, will be call'd my Crime:
What then is thine? Thou cool deliberate Villain,
Thou wise fore-thinking, weighing Politician!

Lyc. Oh! 'Twas so black, my frighten'd Tongue re-
coil'd

At its own sound, and Horror shook my Soul.

Yet

Yet still, tho' pierc'd with such amazing Anguish,
Such was my Zeal, so much I lov'd my Queen,
I broke through all, to save the Life of *Phadra*.

Phad. What's Life? Oh all ye Gods! Can Life atone
For all the monstrous Crimes by which 'tis bought?
Or can I live? When thou, oh Soul of Honour!
Oh early Heroe! By my Crimes art ruin'd.
Perhaps ev'n now the great unhappy Youth
Falls by the sordid Hands of butchering Villains;
Now, now he bleeds, he dies——Oh perjur'd Traytor!
See, his rich Blood in Purple Torrents flows,
And Nature fallies in unbidden Groans;
Now mortal Pangs distort his lovely Form,
His Rosie Beauties fade, his Starry Eyes
Now darkling swim, and fix their closing Beams;
Now in short Gasps his lab'ring Spirit heaves,
And weakly flutters on his fault'ring Tongue,
And struggles into Sound. Hear, Monster, hear,
With his last Breath he curses perjur'd *Phadra*:
He summons *Phadra* to the Bar of *Minos*;
Thou too shalt there appear; to torture thee
Whole Hell shall be employ'd, and suffering *Phadra*
Shall find some Ease to see thee still more wretched.

Lyc. Oh all ye Powers! Oh *Phadra*! Hear me, hear
me,
By all my Zeal, by all my anxious Cares,
By those unhappy Crimes I wrought to serve you,
By these old wither'd Limbs, and hoary Hairs,
By all my Tears!——Oh Heav'ns! She minds me not;
She hears not my Complaints. Oh wretched *Lycon*!
To what art thou reserv'd?

Phad. Reserv'd to all

The sharpest, slowest Pains that Earth can furnish,

To

To all I wish—On *Phadra*—Guards secure him.

Lycon carried off.

Ha! *Theſeus*, Gods! My freezing Blood congeals,
And all my Thoughts, Designs, and Words are lost.

Enter Theſeus.

Theſ. Doſt thou at laſt repent? Oh lovely *Phadra*!
At laſt with equal Ardour meet my Vows:
O dear bought Bleſſing! Yet I'll not complain,
Since now my ſharpeſt Grief is all o'erpaid,
And only heightens Joy.—Then haſte, my Charmer,
Let's feaſt our famiſh'd Souls with amorous Riot,
With fierceſt Blis' atone for our Delay,
And in a Moment love the Age we've loſt.

Phad. Stand off, approach me, touch me not; fly
hence,
Far as the diſtant Skies or deepeſt Center.

Theſ. Amazement! Death! Ye Gods who guide the
World,
What can this mean? So fierce a Detestation,
So ſtrong Abhorrence!—Speak, exquisite Tormentor!
Was it for this your Summons fill'd my Soul
With eager Raptures, and tumultuous Transports?
Ev'n painful Joys, and Agonies of Blis'.
Did I for this obey my *Phadra*'s Call,
And fly with trembling Haſte to meet her Arms?
And am I thus receiv'd? O cruel *Phadra*!
Was it for this you rouz'd my drouzie Soul
From the dull Lethargy of hopeleſs Love?
And doſt thou only ſhew thoſe beauteous Eyes
To wake Deſpair, and blaſt me with their Beams?

Phad.

Phad. Oh! Were that all to which the Gods have doom'd me;

But angry Heav'n has laid in Store for *Thesens*
Such perfect Mischief, such transcendent Woe,
That the black Image shocks my frightened Soul,
And the Words dye on my reluctant Tongue.

Thes. Fear not to speak it; that harmonious Voice
Will make the saddest Tale of Sorrow pleasing,
And charm the Grief it brings.—Thus let me hear it,
Thus in thy Sight; thus gazing on those Eyes,
I can support the utmost Spite of Fate,
And stand the Rage of Heav'n.— Approach, my Fair—

Phad. Off, or I fly for ever from thy sight:
Shall I embrace the Father of *Hippolitus*?

Thes. Forget the Villain, drive him from your Soul.

Phad. Can I forget? O drive from my Soul?
Oh! he will still be present to my Eyes;
His Words will ever eccho in my Ears;
Still will he be the Torture of my Days,
Bane of my Life, and Ruin of my Glory.

Thes. And mine and all.—Oh most abandon'd Villain!

Oh lasting Scandal to our Godlike Race!
That cou'd contrive a Crime so foul as Incest.

Phad. Incest! Oh name it not!—
The very mention shakes my inmost Soul:
The Gods are startled in their peaceful Mansions,
And Nature sickens at the shocking Sound.
Thou brutal Wretch! Thou execrable Monster!
To break thro' all the Laws that early flow
From untaught Reason, and distinguish Man;
Mix like the senseless Herd with bestial Lust,

Mother

Mother and Son preposterously wicked;
To banish from thy Soul the Reverence due
To Honour, Nature, and the genial Bed;
And injure one so great, so good as *Theseus*;

Thes. To injure one so great, so good as *Phadra*;
Oh Slave! To wrong such Purity as thine,
Such dazling Brightness, such exalted Vertue.

Phad. Vertue! All-seeing Gods, you know my Vertue.
Must I support all this? O righteous Heav'n!
Can't I yet speak? Reproach I could have born,
Pointed his Satyrs Stings, and edg'd his Rage,
But to be prais'd—Now, *Minos*, I defy thee;
Ev'n all thy dreadful Magazines of Pains,
Stones, Furies, Wheels are slight to what I suffer,
And Hell it self's Relief.

Thes. What's Hell to thee?
What Crimes couldst thou commit? Or what Reproaches
Cou'd Innocence so pure as *Phadra's* Fear.
Oh, thou'rt the chastest Matron of thy Sex,
The fairest Pattern of excelling Vertue.
Our latest Annals shall record thy Glory.
The Maid's Example, and the Matron's Theme.
Each skilful Artift shall express thy Form,
In animated Gold.—The threatening Sword
Shall hang for ever o'er thy snowy Bosom;
Such Heav'nly Beauty on thy Face shall bloom,
As shall almost excuse the Villain's Crime;
But yet that Firmness, that unshaken Vertue,
As still shall make the Monster more detested.
Where e'er you pass, the crouded way shall sound
With joyful Cryes, and endless Acclamations:
And when aspiring Bards, in daring Strains
Shall raise some Heav'nly Matron to the Pow'rs,

They'll

They'll say, she's Great, she's True, she's Chaste as *Phædra*.

Phad. This might have been.— But now, oh cruel Stars!

Now, as I pass, the crouded way shall sound
With hissing Scorn, and murm'ring Detestation:
The latest Annals shall record my Shame;
And when th' avenging Muse with pointed Rage
Wou'd sink some impious Woman down to Hell,
She'll say, she's False, she's Base, she's Foul as *Phædra*.

Thef. Hadst thou been foul, had horrid Violation
Cast any Stains on Purity like thine,
They're wash'd already in the Villain's Blood:
The very Sword, his Instrument of Horror,
E're this time drench'd in his incestuous Heart,
Has done thee Justice, and aveng'd the Crimes:
He us'd it to perform.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Alas! my Lord,
E're this the Prince is dead.—I saw *Cratander*
Give him a Sword.—I saw him boldly take it,
Rear it on high, and point it to his Breast,
With steady Hands, and with disdainful Looks,
As one that fear'd not Death, but scorn'd to dye,
And not in Battle.—A loud Clamour follow'd:
And the surrounding Soldiers hid from Sight,
But all pronounc'd him Dead.

Phad. Is he then Dead?

Thef. Yes, yes, he's dead; and dead by my Command;
And in this dreadful Act of mournful Justice,

I'm

I'm more renown'd than in my dear-bought Lawrels.

Phad. Then thou'rt renown'd indeed.—Oh happy
Theseus !

Oh, only worthy of the Love of *Phadra* !

Haste then, let's joyn our well-met Hands together ;

Unite for ever, and defie the Gods

To shew a pair so eminently wretched.

Thes. Wretched ! For what ? For what the World
must praise me.

For what the Nations shall adore my Justice,
A Villain's Death ?

Phad. *Hippolitus* a Villain !

Oh, he was all his Godlike Sire cou'd wish,

The Pride of *Theseus*, and the Hopes of *Crete*.

Nor did the bravest of his Godlike Race

Tread with such early Hopes the Paths of Honour.

Thes. What can this mean ? Declare, ambiguous

Phadra ;

Say, whence these shifting Guits of clashing Rage ?

Why are thy doubtful Speeches dark and troubl'd,

As *Cretan* Seas when vext by warring Winds ?

Why is a Villain, with alternate Passion,

Accus'd and prais'd, detested and deplor'd ?

Phad. Canst thou not guess ?—

Canst thou not read it in my furious Passions ?

In all the wild Disorders of my Soul ?

Cou'dst thou not see it in the noble warmth

That urg'd the daring Youth to Acts of Honour ?

Cou'dst thou not find it in the gen'rous Truth,

Which sparkl'd in his Eyes, and open'd in his Face ?

Cou'dst not perceive it in the chaste Reserve ?

In every Word and Look, each Godlike Act,

Cou'dst thou not see *Hippolitus* was guiltless ?

Thes.

Thes. Guiltless! Oh all ye Gods! What can this mean?

Phad. Mean! That the Guilt is mine, that vertuous

Phadra,

The Maid's Example, and the Matron's Theme
With bestial Passion woo'd your loathing Son.

And when deny'd, with impious Accusation

Sully'd the Lustre of his shining Honour;

Of my own Crimes accus'd the Faultless Youth,

And with ensnaring Wiles destroy'd that Vertue

I try'd in vain to shake.

Thes. Is he then guiltless?

Guiltless! Then what art thou? And oh just Heav'n!

What a detested Parricide is *Theseus*?

Phad. What am I? What indeed, but one more black

Than Earth, or Hell e'er bore! O horrid Mixture

Of Crimes, and Woes, of Parricide, and Incest,

Perjury, Murder; to arm the erring Father

Against the guiltless Son. O impious *Lycon*!

In what a Hell of Woes thy Arts have plung'd me.

Thes. *Lycon*! Here, Guards!—Oh most abandon'd
Villain!

Secure him, seize him, drag him Piece-Meal hither.

—*Enter Guards.*

Guards. Who has, my Lord, incurr'd your high Dis-
pleasure?

Thes. Who can it be, ye Gods, but perjur'd *Lycon*?

Who can inspire such Storms of Rage, but *Lycon*?

Where has my Sword left one so black, but *Lycon*?

Where! Wretched *Theseus*! In thy Bed and Heart,

The very darling of my Soul and Eyes!

Oh beauteous Fiend! But trust not to thy Form.

You

You too, my Son, was fair; your manly Beauties
Charm'd every Heart (O Heavens!) to your De-
struction.

You too were good, your vertuous Soul abhorr'd
The Crimes for which you dy'd. Oh impious *Phadra*!
Incestuous Fury! Execrable Murth'res!

Is there Revenge on Earth, or Pain in Hell,
Can Art invent, or boiling Rage suggest,
Ev'n endless Torture which thou shalt not suffer?

Phad. And is there ought on Earth I wou'd not
suffer?

Oh, were there Vengeance equal to my Crimes,
Thou needst not claim it, most unhappy Youth,
From any Hands but mine: T'avenge thy Fate

I'd court the fiercest Pains, and sue for Tortures;
And *Phadra's* Suff'rings shou'd atone for thine:

Ev'n now I fall a Victim to thy Wrongs;

Ev'n now a fatal Draught works out my Soul;

Ev'n now it curdles in my shinking Veins

The lazy Blood, and freezes at my Heart.

Lycon brought in.

Thes. Hast thou escap'd my Wrath? Yet, impious

Lycon,

On thee I'll empty all my hoard of Vengeance,
And glut my boundless Rage.

Lyc. O! Mercy, Mercy!

Thes. Such thou shalt find as thy best Deeds deserve,

Such as thy guilty Soul can hope from *Thesens*;

Such as thou shew'dst to poor *Hippolitus*.

Lyc. Oh chain me! Whip me! Let me be the Scorn
Of sordid Rabbles, and insulting Crowds!

Give

Give me but Life, and make that Life most wretched

Phad. Art thou so base, so spiritless a Slave?

Not so the lovely Youth thy Arts have ruin'd,
Not so he bore the Fate to which you doom'd him.

Thef. Oh abject Villain! Yet it gives me Joy
To see the Fears that shake thy guilty Soul,
Enhance thy Crimes, and antedate thy Woes.
Oh, how thou'lt howl thy fearful Soul away;
While laughing Crowds shall echo to thy Cries,
And make thy Pains their Sport. Haste, hence, away
with him,

Drag him to all the Torments Earth can furnish;
Let him be wrackt and gasp'd, impal'd alive;
Then let the mangl'd Monster, fixt on high,
Grin o'er the shouting Crowds, and glut their Vengeance.
And is this all? And art thou now pleas'd?
Will this atone for poor *Hippolitus*?

Oh ungorg'd Appetite! Oh rav'nous Thirst
Of a Son's Blood! What not a Day, a Moment!

Phad. A Day! A Moment! Oh! thou should'st have
staid

Years, Ages, all the round of circling Time,
E'er touch the Life of that consummate Youth.

Thef. And yet with Joy I flew to his Destruction,
Boasted his Fate, and triumph'd in his Ruin.
Not this I promis'd to his dying Mother,
When in her mortal Pangs she sighing gave me
The last cold Kisses from her trembling Lips,
And reach'd her feeble wand'ring Hands to mine;
When her last Breath now quiv'ring at her Mouth,
Implor'd my Goodness to her lovely Son;
To her *Hippolitus*. He, alas! descends
An early Victim to the lazy Shades,

(Oh Heav'n and Earth!) by *Theseus* doom'd, descends.

Phad. He's doom'd by *Theseus*, but accus'd by *Phadra*,
By *Phadra*'s Madness, and by *Lycon*'s Hatred.

Yet with my Life I expiate my Frenzy,
And dye for thee, my Headlong Rage destroy'd :
Thee I pursue, (oh great ill-fated Youth !)
Pursue thee still, but now with chaste Desires ;
Thee thro' the dismal waste of gloomy Death ;
Thee thro' the glimm'ring Dawn, and purer Day,
Thro' all th' *Elysian* Plains : O righteous *Minos* !
Elysian Plains ! There he and his *Ismena*
Shall sport for ever, shall for ever drink
Immortal Love ; while I far off shall howl
In lonely Plains ; while all the blackest Ghosts
Shrink from the baleful sight of one more monstrous,
And more accurst than they.

Thes. I too must go ;
I too must once more see the burning Shoar
Of livid *Acheron* and black *Cocytus*,
Whence no *Alcides* will release me now.

Phad. Then why this stay ? Come on, let's plunge
together :
See Hell sets wide its Adamantine Gates,
See thro' the sable Gates the black *Cocytus*
In smoaky Circles rowls its fiery Waves :
Hear, hear the stunning Harmonies of Woe,
The din of rattling Chains, of clashing Whips,
Of Groans, of loud Complaints, of piercing Shrieks,
That wide thro' all its gloomy World resound.
How huge *Megara* stalks ! what streaming Fires
Blaze from her glaring Eyes ! what Serpents curl
In horrid Wreaths, and hiss around her Head !
Now, now she drags me to the Bar of *Minos*.

See how the awful Judges of the Dead
 Look stedfast hate, and horrible dismay !
 See *Minos* turns away his loathing Eyes,
 Rage choaks his struggling Words : The fatal Urn
 Drops from his trembling Hand : O all ye Gods !
 What, *Lycon* here ! Oh execrable Villain !
 Then am I still on Earth ? By Hell I am,
 A Fury now, a Scourge preserv'd for *Lycon* !
 See, the just Beings offer to my Vengeance
 That impious Slave. Now, *Lycon*, for Revenge ;
 Thanks, Heav'n, 'tis here.—I'll steal it to his Heart.

[*Mistaking Theseus for Lycon, offers to stab him.*]

Guards. Heav'ns ! 'tis your Lord.

Phad. My Lord ! O equal Heav'n !

Must each portentous Moment rise in Crimes,
 And fallying Life go off in Parricide ?
 Then trust not thy flow Drugs. Thus sure of Death

[*Stabs her self.*]

Compleat thy Horrors—And if this suffice not,
 Thou, *Minos*, do the rest.

Thes. At length she's quiet,

And Earth now bears not such a Wretch as *Theseus* ;
 Yet I'll obey *Hippolitus*, and live :
 Then to the Wars ; and as the *Corybantines*,
 With clashing Shields, and braying Trumpets drown'd
 The Cries of Infant-*Jove*.—I'll stifle Conscience,
 And Nature's Murmurs in the din of Arms.
 But what are Arms to me ? Is he not dead
 For whom I fought ? For whom my hoary Age
 Glow'd with the boiling Heat of Youth in Battel ?
 How then to drag a wretched Life beneath,
 An endless round of still returning Woes,
 And all the gnawing Pangs of vain Remorse ?

What Torment's this?—Therefore, O greatly thought!
Therefore do Justice on thy self,—and live;
Live above all most infinitely wretched.
Ismena too——Nay, then avenging Heav'n

Ismena Enters.

Has vented all its Rage.—O wretched Maid!
Why dost thou come to swell my raging Grief?
Why add to Sorrows, and embitter Woes?
Why do thy mournful Eyes upbraid my Guilt?
Why thus recal to my afflicted Soul
The sad Remembrance of my God-like Son,
Of that dear Youth my Cruelty has ruin'd?

Ism. Ruin'd!——O all ye Powers! O awful *Theseus*!
Say, where's my Lord? say, where has Fate dispos'd
him?

Oh speak! the Fear distracts me.

Thes. Gods! Can I speak?

Can I declare his Fate to his *Ismena*?

Oh lovely Maid! Cou'dst thou admit of Comfort,
Thou shou'dst for ever be my only Care,
Work of my Life, and Labour of my Soul.
For thee alone, my Sorrows; lull'd, shall cease;
Cease for a while to mourn my murther'd Son:
For thee alone my Sword once more shall rage,
Restore the Crown, of which it robb'd your Race:
Then let your Grief give way to thoughts of Empire;
At thy own *Athens* reign. The happy Crowd
Beneath thy easie Yoke with Pleasure bow,
And think in thee their own *Minerva* reigns.

Ism. Must I then reign? Nay, must I live without
him?

Not so, oh Godlike Youth ! you lov'd *Ismena* ;
 You, for her sake, refus'd the *Cretan* Empire,
 And yet a nobler Gift, the Royal *Phædra*.
 Shall I then take a Crown, a guilty Crown,
 From the relentless Hand that doom'd thy Death ?
 Oh ! 'tis in Death alone I can have Ease.
 And thus I find it.

[*Offers to stab her self.*]

Enter Hippolitus.

Hip. O Forbear *Ismena* !

Forbear, chaste Maid, to wound thy tender Bosom ;
 Oh Heav'n and Earth ! shou'd she resolve to die,
 And snatch all Beauty from the widow'd Earth ?
 Was it for me, ye Gods ! she'd fall a Victim ?
 Was it for me she'd dye ? O heav'nly Virgin !
 See, see thy own *Hippolitus*, who lives,
 And hopes to live for thee.

Ism. *Hippolitus* !

Am I alive or dead ? Is this *Elysium* ?
 'Tis he, 'tis all *Hippolitus*——Ar't well ?
 Ar't thou not wounded ?

Thef. Oh unhop'd-for Joy !

Stand off, and let me fly into his Arms,
 Speak, say, what God, what Miracle preserv'd thee ?
 Did'st thou not strike thy Father's cruel Present,
 My Sword, into thy Breast ?

Hip. I aim'd it there,
 But turn'd it from my self, and slew *Cratander* ;
 The Guards, not trusted with his fatal Orders,
 Granted my Wish, and brought me to the King :
 I fear'd not Death, but cou'd not bear the Thought
 Of *Theseus* Sorrow, and *Ismena's* Loss ;
 Therefore I hasten'd to your Royal Presence,

Here

Here to receive my Doom.

Thef. Be this thy Doom,

To live for ever in *Ismena's* Arms.

Go, heav'nly Pair, and with your dazling Vertues,
Your Courage, Truth, your Innocence and Love,
Amaze and charm Mankind; and rule that Empire,
For which in vain your Rival Fathers fought.

Ism. Oh killing Joy!

Hip. Oh Extasie of Bliss!

Am I possess'd at last of my *Ismena*?

Of that Cœlestial Maid, oh pitying Gods!

How shall I thank your Bounties for my Sufferings,

For all my Pains, and all the Pangs I've born?

Since 'twas to them I owe divine *Ismena*,

To them I owe the dear Consent of *Theseus*.

Yet there's a Pain lies heavy on my Heart,

For the disastrous Fate of hapless *Phædra*.

Thef. Deep was her Anguish, for the Wrongs she
did you

She chose to dye, and in her Death deplor'd

Your Fate, and not her own.

Hip. I've heard it all.

O! had not Passion fully'd her Renown,

None e'er on Earth had shone with equal Lustre;

So glorious liv'd, or so lamented dy'd.

Her Faults were only Faults of raging Love,

Her Virtues all her own.

Ism. Unhappy *Phædra*!

Was there no other way, ye pitying Pow'rs,

No other Way to crown *Ismena's* Love?

Then must I ever mourn her cruel Fate,

And in the midst of my triumphant Joy,

Ev'n in my Hero's Arms confess some Sorrow.

Thef.

Thef. O tender Maid! forbear with ill-tim'd Grief,
 To damp our Blessings, and incense the Gods;
 But let's away, and pay kind Heav'n our Thanks
 For all the Wonders in our Favour wrought;
 That Heav'n, whose Mercy rescu'd erring *Thefens*
 From execrable Crimes, and endless Woes.
 Then learn from me, ye Kings that rule the World,
 With equal Poize, let steady Justice sway,
 And flagrant Crimes with certain Vengeance pay,
 But till the Proofs are clear the Stroak delay. }

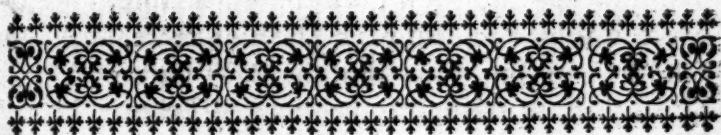
Hip. The righteous Gods that Innocence require,
 Protect the Goodness which themselves inspire;
 Unguarded Virtue humane Arts defies,
 Th' Accus'd is happy, while th' Accuser dyes.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

The End of the Fifth Act.

F I N I S.





A

P O E M

To the Memory of

Mr. *JOHN PHILIPS.*

To a FRIEND.

S I R,



SINCE our *Isis* silently deplores
The Bard who spread her Fame to di-
stant Shores;
Since nobler Pens their mournful Lays
suspend;
My honest Zeal, if not my Verse, commend,
Forgive the Poet, and approve the Friend.
Your Care had long his fleeting Life restrain'd,
One Table fed you, and one Bed contain'd;

E 4.

For

78 *To the Memory of Mr. JOHN PHILIPS.*

For his dear Sake long restless Nights you bore,
While rat'ling Coughs his heaving Vessels tore,
Much was his Pain, but your Affliction more.
Oh! had no Summons from the noisy Gown
Call'd thee, unwilling, to the nauseous Town.
Thy Love had o'er the dull Disease prevail'd;
Thy Mirth had cur'd where baffled Phyfick fail'd;
But since the Will of Heav'n his Fate decreed,
To thy kind Care my worthless Lines succeed;
Fruitless our Hopes, tho' pious our Essays,
Yours to preserve a Friend, and mine to praise.

Oh! might I paint him in *Miltonian* Verse,
With Strains like those he sung on *Gloster's* Herse;
But with the meaner Tribe I'm forc'd to chime,
And wanting Strength to rise, descend to Rhyme.

With other Fire his glorious *Blenheim* shines,
And all the Battel thunders in his Lines;
His nervous Verse great *Boileau's* Strength transcends,
And *France* to *Philips*, as to *Churchill*, bends.

Oh! various Bard, you all our Pow'rs controul,
You now disturb, and now divert the Soul:
Milton and *Butler* in thy Muse combine,
Above the last thy manly Beauties shine;
For as I've seen when Rival Wits contend,
One gayly charge, one gravely wise defend;
This on quick Turns and Points in vain relies,
This with a Look demure, and steddý Eyes,
With dry Rebukes, or sneering Praise replies.
So thy grave Lines extort a juster Smile,
Reach *Butler's* Fancy, but surpass his Style;

He

To the Memory of Mr. JOHN PHILIPS. 79

He speaks *Scarron's* low Phrase in humble Strains,
In Thee the solemn Air of great *Cervantes* reigns.

What sounding Lines his abject Themes express,
What shining Words the pompous *Shilling* dress?
There, there my Cell, immortal made, outvies
The frailer Piles which o'er its Ruins rise.
In her best Light the Comick Muse appears,
When she, with borrow'd Pride, the Buskin wears.

So when Nurse *Nokes* to act young *Ammon* tries,
With shambling Legs, long Chin, and foolish Eyes;
With dangling Hands he strokes th' Imperial Robe,
And with a Cuckold's Air commands the Globe;
The Pomp and Sound the whole Buffoon display'd,
And *Ammon's* Son more Mirth than *Gomez* made.

Forgive, dear Shade, the Scene my Folly draws,
Thy Strains divert the Grief thy Ashes cause:
When *Orpheus* sings the Ghosts no more complain,
But, in his lulling Musick, lose their Pain:
So charm the Sallies of thy *Georgick* Muse,
So calm our Sorrows, and our Joys infuse;
Here rural Notes a gentle Mirth inspire,
Here lofty Lines the kindling Reader fire,
Like that fair Tree you praise, the Poem charms,
Cools like the Fruit, or like the Juice it warms.

Blest Clime, which *Vaga's* fruitful Streams improve,
Etruria's Envy, and her *Cosmo's* Love;
Redstreak he quaffs beneath the *Chianti* Vine,
Gives *Tuscan* yearly for thy *Scud'more's* Wine,
And ev'n his *Tasso* would exchange for thine.

80 *To the Memory of Mr. JOHN PHILIPS.*

Rise, rise, *Roscommon*, see the *Blenheim* Muse,
The dull Constraint of monkish Rhyme refuse;
See, o'er the *Alps* his tow'ring Pinions soar,
Where never *English* Poet reach'd before:
See mighty *Cosmo's* Counsellor and Friend,
By turns on *Cosmo* and the Bard attend;
Rich in the Coyns and Busts of ancient *Rome*,
In him he brings a nobler Treasure home;
In them he views her Gods, and Domes design'd,
In him the Soul of *Rome*, and *Virgil's* mighty Mind:
To him for Ease retires from Toils of State,
Not half so proud to govern, as translate.

Our *Spencer*, first by *Pisan* Poets taught,
To us their Tales, their Style and Numbers brought.
To follow ours now *Tuscan* Bards descend,
From *Philips* borrow, tho' to *Spencer* lend,
Like *Philips* too the Yoke of Rhyme disdain;
They first on *English* Bards impos'd the Chain,
First by an *English* Bard from Rhyme their Freedom
gain. }

Tyrannick Rhyme, that cramps to equal Chime,
The gay, the soft, the florid, and sublime;
Some say this Chain the doubtful Sense decides,
Confines the Fancy, and the Judgment guides;
I'm sure in needless Bonds it Poets tyes,
Procrustes like, the Ax or Wheel applies,
To lop the mangled Sense, or stretch it into size: }
At best a Crutch that lifts the weak along,
Supports the feeble, but retards the strong;
And the chance Thoughts, when govern'd by the close,
Oft rise to Fustian, or descend to Prose.

Your

To the Memory of Mr. JOHN PHILIPS. 81

Your Judgment, *Philips*, rul'd with stedd' Sway,
You us'd no curbing Rhyme, the Muse to stay,
To stop her Fury, or direct her Way.
Thee on the Wing thy uncheck'd Vigor bore,
To wanton freely, or securely soar.

So the stretch'd Cord the Shackle-Dancer tries,
As prone to fall, as impotent to rise;
When freed he moves, the sturdy Cable bends,
He mounts with Pleasure, and secure descends;
Now dropping seems to strike the distant Ground,
Now high in Air his quiv'ring Feet rebound.

Rail on ye Triflers, who to *Will's* repair
For new Lampoons, fresh Cant, or modish Air;
Rail on at *Milton's* Son, who wisely bold
Rejects new Phrases, and resumes the old:
Thus *Chaucer* lives in younger *Spencer's* Strains,
In *Maro's* Page reviving *Ennius* reigns;
The ancient Words the Majesty compleat,
And make the Poem venerably great:
So when the Queen in Royal Habit's dress'd,
Old mystick Emblems grace th' Imperial Vest,
And in *Eliza's* Robes all *Anna* stands confest.

A haughty Bard, to Fame by Volumes rais'd,
At *Dick's*, and *Batson's*, and thro' *Smithfield* prais'd,
Cries out aloud——Bold *Oxford* Bard forbear
With rugged Numbers to torment my Ear;
Yet not like thee the heavy Critick soars,
But paints in Fustian, or in turn deploras;
With *Bunyan's* Style prophanes heroick Songs,
To the tenth Page lean Homilies prolongs;

82 *To the Memory of Mr. JOHN PHILIPS.*

For far-fetch'd Rhymes makes puzzled Angels strain,
And in low Prose dull *Lucifer* complain;
His envious Muse by native Dulness curst,
Damns the best Poems, and contrives the worst.

Beyond his Praise or Blame thy Works prevail,
Compleat where *Dryden* and thy *Milton* fail;
Great *Milton's* Wing on lower Themes subsides,
And *Dryden* oft in Rhyme his Weakness hides;
You ne'er with jingling Words deceive the Ear,
And yet, on humble Subjects, great appear.
Thrice happy Youth whom noble *Isis* crowns!
Whom *Blackmore* censures, and *Godolphin* owns:
So on the tuneful *Margarita's* Tongue
The list'ning Nymphs, and ravish'd Heroes hung;
But Cits and Fops the Heav'n-born Musick blame,
Aud bawl, and hiss, and damn her into Fame;
Like her sweet Voice is thy harmonious Song,
As high, as sweet, as easie, and as strong.

Oh! had relenting Heav'n prolong'd his Days,
The tow'ring Bard had sung in nobler Lays,
How the last Trumpet wakes the lazy Dead,
How Saints aloft the Cross triumphant spread;
How op'ning Heav'ns their happy Regions show;
And yawning Gulphs with flaming Vengeance glow;
And Saints rejoyce above, and Sinners howl below: }
Well might he sing the Day he could not fear,
And paint the Glories he was sure to wear.

Oh best of Friends, will ne'er the silent Urn
To our just Vows the hapless Youth return?

To the Memory of Mr. JOHN PHILIPS. 83

Must he no more divert the tedious Day ?
Nor sparkling Thoughts in antique Words convey ?
No more to harmless Irony descend,
To noisy Fools a grave Attention lend,
Nor merry Tales with learn'd Quotations blend ?
No more in false pathetick Phrase complain
Of *Delia's* Wit, her Charms, and her Disdain ?
Who now shall God-like *Anna's* Fame diffuse ?
Must she, when most she merits, want a Muse ?
Who now our *Twysden's* glorious Fate shall tell ;
How lov'd he liv'd, and how deplor'd he fell ?
How, while the troubled Elements around,
Earth, Water, Air, the stunning Din resound ;
Through Streams of Smoak, and adverse Fire he rides,
While ev'ry Shot is levell'd at his Sides ?
How, while the fainting *Dutch* remotely fire,
And the fam'd *Eugene's* Iron Troops retire,
In the first Front amidst a slaughter'd Pile,
High on the Mound he dy'd near *Great Argyle*.

Whom shall I find unbyass'd in Dispute,
Eager to learn, unwilling to confute ?
To whom the Labours of my Soul disclose,
Reveal my Pleasure, or discharge my Woes ?
Oh ! in that heav'nly Youth for ever ends
The Best of Sons, of Brothers, and of Friends.
He sacred Friendship's strictest Laws obey'd,
Yet more by Conscience than by Friendship sway'd ;
Against himself his Gratitude maintain'd,
By Favours past, not future Prospects gain'd :
Not nicely chusing, tho' by all desir'd,
Tho' learn'd, not vain ; and humble, tho' admir'd :

Candid

84 *To the Memory of Mr. JOHN PHILIPS.*

Candid to all, but to himself severe,
 In Humour pliant, as in Life austere.
 A wise Content his even Soul secur'd,
 By Want not shaken, nor by Wealth allur'd.
 To all sincere, tho' earnest to commend,
 Could praise a Rival, or condemn a Friend.
 To him old *Greece* and *Rome* were fully known,
 Their Tongues, their Spirits, and their Styles his own:
 Pleas'd the least steps of famous Men to view,
 Our Author's Works, and Lives, and Souls he knew;
 Paid to the Learn'd and Great the same Esteem,
 The one his Pattern, and the one his Theme:
 With equal Judgment his capacious Mind
 Warm *Pindar's* Rage, and *Euclid's* Reason joyn'd.
 Judicious Physick's noble Art to gain
 All Drugs and Plants explor'd, alas in vain!
 The Drugs and Plants their drooping Master fail'd,
 Nor Goodness now, nor Learning ought avail'd;
 Yet to the Bard his *Churchill's* Soul they gave,
 And made him scorn the Life they could not save;

Else could he bear unmov'd the fatal Guest
 The Weight that all his fainting Limbs oppress,
 The Coughs that struggled from his weary Breast?
 Could he unmov'd approaching Death sustain?
 Its slow Advances, and its racking Pain?
 Could he serene his Weeping Friends survey,
 In his last Hours his easie Wit display,
 Like the rich Fruit he sings, delicious in decay?

Once on thy Friends look down, lamented Shade,
 And view the Honours to thy Ashes paid;

Some

To the Memory of Mr. JOHN PHILIPS. 85

Some thy lov'd Dust in *Parian* Stones enshrine,
 Others immortal Epitaphs design;
 With Wit, and Strength, that only yields to thine:
 Even I, though slow to touch the painful String,
 Awake from Slumber, and attempt to sing.
 Thee, *Philips*, thee despairing *Vaga* mourns,
 And gentle *Isis* soft Complaints returns;
Dormer laments amidst the Wars Alarms,
 And *Cecil* weeps in beauteous *Tufton's* Arms:
 Thee on the *Po* kind *Somerſet* deplores,
 And ev'n that charming Scene his Grief reſtores:
 He to thy Loſs each mournful Air applies,
 Mindful of thee on huge *Taburnus* lies,
 But moſt at *Virgil's* Tomb his ſwelling Sorrows riſe.

But you, his darling Friends, lament no more,
 Display his Fame, and not his Fate deplore;
 And let no Tears from erring Pity flow,
 For One that's bleſt above, immortaliz'd below.



Char-



Charlettus Percivallo suo.

HORA dum nondum sonuit secunda,
Nec puer nigras tepefecit undas,
Acer ad notos calamus labores

Sponte recurrit.

Quid prius nostris potiùsve chartis
Illinam? Cuinam vigil ante noctem
Sole depulsam redeunte Scriptor

Mitto salutem?

Tu meis chartis, *bone Percivalle*,
Unicè dignus; tibi pectus implet
Non minor nostro novitatis ardor;

Tu quoque Scriptor,

Detulit rumor (mihi multa defert
Rumor) in sylvis modo te dedisse
Furibus prædam, mediumque belli im-
pune stetisse.

Saucius num vivit adhuc Caballus
Anne? Ierneis potiora Gazis,
An, tua vitâ Tibi chariora,

Scripta supersunt?

Cui legis nostras, relegisque chartas?
Cui meam laudas generositatem?

Quem meis verbis, mea nescientem,
Mane salutas.

Scribe



Percivallus Charletto suo.

Qualis ambabus capiendus ulnis
 Limen attingit tibi gratus hospes
 Quum sacras primum subit aut relinquit

Isidis arces,

Qualis exultat tibi pars mamillæ
 Læva, quum cantu proprio strident
 Missiles, & jam moneant adesse

Cornua, chartas,

Tale per nostrum jecur & medullas
 Gaudium fluxit, simul ac reclusis
 Vinculis vidi benè literati

Nomen amici.

Obvios fures, uti fama verax
 Rettulit, sensi pavidus tremensque ;
 Sed fui, sumque, excipias timorem,

Cætera sospes.

Scire si sylvam cupias pericli
 Consciam, & tristes nemoris tenebras,
 Consulas lentè tabulas parantem

Te duce *Colum.*

Flebilis legi miseranda docti
 Fata pictoris, sed & hóc iniqua
 Damna consolor, superest perempto
Rixone Wildgoose.

Quæ

Scribe Securus, quid agit Senatus
Quid Caput stertit grave *Lambethanum*,
Quid *Comes Guildford*, quid habent novorum
Dawksque Dyerque.

Me meus, quondam tuus, è popinis
Fenny jam visit, lacrimansque narrat,
Dum molit fucos, subito peremptum
Funere *Rixon*.

Narrat (avertat Deus inquit omen)
Hospitem notæ periisse *Mitra* ;
Narrat immersam præpe limen urbis
Flumine cymbam.

Narrat——at portis meus *Hinton* astat,
Nuncius *Pricket* redit, avocit me
Sherwin, & scribendæ aliò requirunt
Mille tabellæ.



Quæ tamen mitram mulier labantem

Fulciet ? munus vetulæ parentis,

Anna præstabit, nisi fors' Ierni

Hospita Cygni.

Lætus accepi celeres vigere

Pricketi plantas, simul ambulanti

Plaudo *Sherwino*, pueroque *Davo*

Mitto salutem.

Jenny, post *Hinton*; comitum tuorum

Primus, ante omnes mihi gratulandus,

Qui tibi totus vacat, & vacabit,

Nec vetat *Uxor*.

Hæc ego lusi properante musâ

Lesbia vatis numeros secutus,

Si novi quid sit, meliùs docebit

Sermo pedestris.

P. S.

Cenitant mecum Comites Ierna,

Multa qui de te memorant culillos

Inter, & pulli, vice literarum,

Crus tibi mittunt.





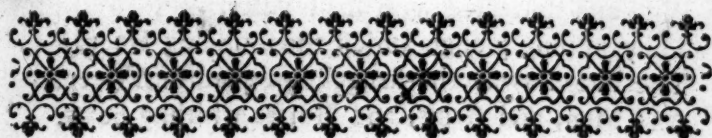
P O C O C K I U S.

DUM cæde tellus luxuriat Ducum,
 Meum Pococki barbiton exigit,
 Manesque musam fastuosam
 Sollicitant pretiosiores.
 Alter virentum prorurat agmina
 Sonora Thracum, donaque Phillidi
 Agat puellas, heu decoris
 Virginibus nimis invidenti.
 Te nuda Virtus, te Fidei pius
 Ardor serendæ, sanctaque Veritas
 Per saxa, per pontum, per hostes
 Præcipitant Asiæ misertum:
 Cohors catenis quæ pia stridulis
 Gemunt onusti, vel sude trans sinum
 Luctantur actâ, pendulive
 Sanguineis trepidant in uncis,
 Sentis ut edunt fibila, ut ardui
 Micant dracones, tigris ut horridos
 Intorquet ungues, ejulatque
 In madiço crocodilus antro
 Vides lacunæ sulphure lividos
 Ardere fluctus, quæ stetit impiæ
 Moles Gomorrhæ mox procellâ
 Hausta rubrâ, pluvisque flammis:

Quod

Quòd ista tellus si similes tibi
 Si fortè denos nutrierat Viros,
 Adhuc stetitset, nec vibrato
 Dextra Dei tonuisset igne.
 Quin nunc requiris tecta virentia
 Nini ferocis, nunc Babel arduum,
 Immane opus, crescentibúsque
 Vertice fideribus propinquum.
 Nequicquam: Amici disparibus sonis
 Eludit aures nescius artifex,
 Linguásque miratur recentes
 In patriis peregrinus oris.
 Vestitur hinc tot sermo coloribus,
 Quot tu, Pococki, dissimilis tui
 Orator effers, quot vicissim
 Te memores celebrare gaudent.
 Hi non tacebunt quo Syriam senex
 Percurrit æstu raptus, ut arcibus
 Non jam superbis, & verendis
 Indoluit Solimæ ruinis.
 Quis corda pulsans tunc pavor hauserat
 Dolor quis arsit non sine gaudio,
 Cum busta Christi provolutus
 Ambiguis lachrymis rigaret!
 Sacratur arbor multa Pocockio,
 Locósque monstrans inquiet accola,
 Hæc quercus Hoseam supinum,
 Hæc Britonem recreavit ornus.
 Hic audierunt gens venerabilem
 Ebræa Mosen, inde Pocockium
 Non ore, non annis minorem,
 Atque suam didicere linguam.

Ac sicut albens perpetuâ nive
Simul favillas, & cineres sinu
Eructat ardenti, & pruinis
Contiguas rotat Ætna flammâs;
Sic te trementem, te nive candidum
Mens intus urget, mens agit ignea
Sequi reluctantem Ioëlem
Per tonitru, aëreâsque nubes
Annon pavescis, dum tuba pallidum
Ciet Sionem, dum tremulum polo
Caligat astrum, atque incubanti
Terra nigrans tegitur sub umbrâ ?
Quod agmen ! heu quæ turma sequacibus
Tremenda flammis ! quis strepitantium
Flictus rotarum est ! O Pococki
Egregie, O animose Vatis
Interpres abstrusi, O simili ferè
Correpte flammâ, te, quot imagine
Crucis notantur, te, subâcto
Christicolæ gravis Ottomannus
Gemens requirit, te Babylonii
Narrant poëtæ, te pharetris Arabs
Plorat revulsis, & fragosos
Jam gravior ferit horror agros.
Quà Gesta nondum cognita Cæsaris,
Quà nec Matronis scripta, Pocockius
Ploratur ingens, & dolenda
Nestoreæ brevis senectæ



O D E,

For the YEAR 1705.

I.

J *Annus*, did ever to thy wond'ring Eyes,
So bright a Scene of Triumph rise ?
Did ever *Greece* or *Rome* such Lawrels wear,
As crown'd the last auspicious Year ?
When first at *Blenheim* *ANNE* Her Ensigns spread,
And *Malbro'* to the Field the shouting Squadrons led,
In vain the Hills and Streams oppose,
In vain the hollow Ground in faithless Hillocks rose.
To the rough *Danube's* winding Shore,
His shatter'd Foes the conqu'ring Hero bore.

II.

They see with staring haggard Eyes
The rapid Torrent roll, the foaming Billows rise;
Amaz'd, aghast, they turn, but find,
In *Marlbro's* Arms, a surer Fate behind.
Now his red Sword aloft impends,

Now

Now on their shrinking Heads descends :
 Wild and distracted with their Fears,
 They jutting plunge amidst the sounding Deeps ;
 The Flood away the struggling Squadrons sweeps,
 And Men, and Arms, and Horses whirling bears.
 The frighted *Danube* to the Sea retreats,
 The *Danube* soon the flying Ocean meets,
 Flying the Thunder of Great *ANNA*'s Fleets.

III.

Rooke on the Seas asserts her Sway,
 Flames o'er the trembling Ocean play,
 And Clouds of Smoak involve the Day.
 Affrighted *Europe* hears the Cannons roar,
 And *Africk* echoes from its distant Shore.
 The *French*, unequal in the Fight.
 In Force superior, take their Flight.
 Factions in vain the Hero's Worth decry,
 In vain the vanquish'd triumph, while they fly.

IV.

Now, *Janus*, with a future View,
 The Glories of her Reign survey,
 Which shall o'er *France* her Arms display,
 And Kingdoms now Her own subdue.
Lewis, for Oppression born ;
Lewis in his Turn, shall mourn,
 While his conquer'd happy Swains,
 Shall hug their easy with'd-for Chains.
 Others, enslav'd by Victory,
 Their Subjects, as their Foes, oppress ;
ANNA conquers but to Free,
 And governs but to Bless.



*Oratio in Publicis Academia Oxoniensis Scholis,
in laudem Clarissimi Do-
ctissimiqve Viri Thomæ
Bodleii, Equitis Au-
rati.*



Si honores ab *Academia* hæc sapientissima
Bodleij cineribus indictos; si orationes e-
rostris ad tumulum, à Viris disertissimis
solenniter pronuntiatas; si *Musas Oxoni-
enses* defendis Regum exequiis unice devo-
tas, *Bodleij* famam immortalitati conse-
crantes, si (quod illi in gloriam magis cedit) accerrimum
omnium ordinum dolorem eâ tempestate flagrantem,
non communi mortalium sorte, non sanctissimis philoso-
phiæ præceptis, non ipsa beneficiorum memoriâ lenien-
dum aliquantulum respiciamus: Ad hæc quidem tem-
pora feliciter reservari videamur; quibus ad nos *Bodle-
iana virtutis* recens pervenit recordatio; ad nos omnis
derivatur vitæ fructus, mortis dolor minime pertingit.

Licet igitur, Viri Clarissimi laudes sine querelâ, non
sine admiratione commemorare; licet patriam prædi-
care

care Incolarum Illustrium semper foecundam, & *Danmō-
nijs Heroibus* etiamnum celeberrimam; licet *Parentes* re-
colere virtute magis quam opibus *spectabiles*, licet *Pue-
rum* celebrare, gliscente *Maria* sœvitia, profugum, ex-
torrem, religionis ergo exulem novennem: Adeo ta-
men non nugis vacantem (quod ejus ferè est ætatis) a-
deo non malis fractum, aut studiis abalienatum (quod
ætatis est etiam provec̃toris) ut ad reconditiōes qualque
disciplinas nec annis nec fortunis convenientes sese ad-
jiceret; ut *Calvinum* Theologiæ, *Chevalerium* linguæ
Hebrææ, *Constantinum* Homeri Interpretem audiret, ut
Ulysses ad instar, cujus tunc evolvebat itinera, vagari unâ
videretur & doceri.

Illustrem mox excepit exulem *Magdalena*, natorum
tūc honoribus, tūc infortuniis inchyssima, pari ferè læ-
titiâ reducem complexa, quâ *filios* non ita pridem suos
ab exilio nec illibenti nec inglorio feliciter revocatos.

In doctissimam deinde cooptatus est *Mertonensium* so-
cietatem, omnigenæ literaturæ cū *Luminibus* tūc *Pa-
tronis* abundantem. *Bradvardinis*, *Occamis*, *Scotis*, non
minus quam *Bodleio*; illo *Fundatore*, istis *Bibliotheca or-
namentis*, superbientem: *Societatem*, per quam inclaruit
Bodleius etiam sine *Bodleio* clarissimam: *Societatem*, quam
aliis omnibus semper anteposuit, cū ob severitatem
morum, tūc ob studiorum libertatem, eâ scil. virtute
præditus quæ arctissimos limites transgredi non vellet;
eo ingenio quod nec amplissimis contineri possit. Adeo
ut dū nos planè imbecillimi Theologiæ aliter non in-
spiciendæ animos unice adjungimus; dum adhibito qua-
si perspicillo ut visum intendamus, radios contrahimus;
illius animus capacior oculi ad instar diversissimis rerum
speciebus simul perspiciendis sufficeret, eam assecutus va-
rietatem, ut vix distinctè, ita distinctè ut varietatem vix
assequi posse arbitremur.

In *Viris* enim linguarum peritis, & memoriâ sæpius
quàm ingenio valentibus, doctrinam sæpè deprendimus,
acumen ut plurimum desideramus: In *Philosophis* elu-
cet subtilitas, abest plerumque *oratorum* venustas: Ec-
quis

quis autem *Bodleio* par nostro sermonem Græcum tam verborum copiâ quam difficultate impeditum doctissimis hominum *Mertonensibus* explicuit *Prælector* egregius? Ecquis disciplinam rerum naturalium tam incertitudine quàm obscuritate laborantem, universæ *Academia* adeo enucleatè exposuit *Profëssor* acutissimus? Ecquis pari eloquentiæ gloriâ, mihi heu! nimium desideratâ, effloruit *Orator* publicus? Hæc autem omnia inter se quàm maximè disjuncta, & penè repugnantia non modo mirificè excoluit *Bodleius*, sed & omnes antiquarum civitatum annales evoluit; sed emensâ iterum *Europâ*, præsentium studia, leges, commoda accuratè notavit; futuros casus & vicissitudines animo præcepit; quorum linguas edidicerat puer, eorum mores adultus exploravit; a quibus olim doctrinam, ab illis nunc & sapientiam repetivit; ita demum cùm in *Philosophia* tum in *Imperii* arcanis versatus, ut quem ornamento sibi duxerit *Academia* eum præsidio sibi fore expectaret *Britannia*; ut quam in *Europâ* peragrandâ scientiam Viator obtinuerat, eam in conservanda *Legatus* exerceret.

Ad quam quidem provinciam suscipiendam non satis idoneum aut absolutum effinxisse videatur sive coacervata domi eruditio, sive experientia foris exquisita. *Legati* enim est sua premere consilia aliena explorare: *Academici* sua aperire, aliena negligere, alterius est audacem se præbere & comem, alterius verecundum esse nec urbanum, Istius inimicis adblandiri, Hujus etiam amicos reprehendere, *Legati* est omnibus omnia assentari, *Academici* alienam plerumque impugnare sententiam, aliquando & suam: Alterius cedendo & *Parthicâ* quâdam fugâ, hujus oppugnando & *Romanâ* quasi virtute devincere: *Bodleio* igitur literis imbuto non defuit morum elegantia, peregrinatione exculcto usus & exercitatio; Adeo ut *Academicus* ille noster ad munia imperii obeunda *Lucullo* similis accederet, quem *Imperator* prius *Roma* salutavit, quam tyronem conscripserit.

Legationem ad *Germaniam*, ad *Danos* prætermitto, istamque ob *Gallos* feliciter conservatos nunquam sine

laude memorandam; Ad *Belgas* susceptam lubens commemoro, quos armis offendit fractos, dolis circumventos, spe dejectos, metu exanimatos, desperatione torpentes, consilii impotes; quos excitari prius oportuit, quam duci, prius impelli quam dirigi; *Navium* quibus inclarescunt ad instar, quæ cursu citatiore abreptæ clavo facile inflecti possunt, tardiore delatæ gubernaculo parum obsequuntur. *Bodleio* igitur incubuit plebeculam ignavam ciere, rudem formare, levem stabilire, antecessoris odia restringere, sui suspicionem amoliri, *partium* studia componere, mutuas similitates evellere; Rempublicam demùm magnis laboribus restitutam, numero exiguam, opibus tenuem, viribus imbecilem, cum *Gente* longè potentissimâ, victoriis inflatâ, divitiis abundante, exercitui veterano confisâ, *Duce* præstantissimo animata non infeliciter committere. Quod si accitis ex omni parte auxiliis, si adhibitis *Regina* mandatis, si ex præscripto munus hoc difficillimum administrasset, sedem forsan *Mauritiô* proximam meruisset privatus, quam & occupavit *Elisa Vicarius*. Cum autem suo prorsus arbitrio, sine ullius adminiculo, sine ullo sive *Principis* sive *Concilii* interventu negotia tanti momenti, tantæ difficultatis conficeret, meruit certè ut imagine saltem, qua *Virum* nuper ipsi similitum, tali & ipsum *Batavi*, in senatu æternassent. Unus enim omnia excogitavit, unus peregit; idem *Legati*, idem *Consiliarij* partes sustinuit. Alii secundam sibi palmam solummodo vendicant tam ministris quàm *Principi* communem, unus sibi integram asseruit *Bodleius*, id solum gloriæ *Elisa* relinquens *Virum* planè consummatum delegisse, id unum sibi arrogans ab *Elisâ* fuisse delectum.

Sinite, quæso, hic loci exitum *Bodleiani* muneris felicissimum advertere; ut *Belgarum* res tenues & afflictæ indies convaluerint; ut ex illo tempore *Farnesius* nihil fama, nihil expectatione, nihil rebus gestis dignum præstiterit; ut ille *Antverpiâ* domitâ, tot *provincijs* acceptis, *Henrico* illo magno sæpius triumphato clarus, triumphatus a *Bodleio* nec armato discesserit. Expectandum

sanè

sanè erat ut ex quo tantus in *Rempublicam* obvenisset fructus, in ipsum aliquis redundaret; ut quem apud exteros locum cum periculo, eum domi cum dignitate obtineret, nisi quod quâ animi magnitudine summos labores obiisset, eâdem honores detrectâset: Iis certè multum absimilis, quorum amplissima plus satis constant præmia adhuc in occulto sunt merita.

Alii quidem honores non tam relinquere quam ab iis relinquere, non tam descendere quam deturbari videntur, *Bodleio* exulanti similiores quam secedenti. Cum enim *Scipio* ille noster *Imperij fasces* periclitante regno alacriter arreptos, incolumi ukro deposuisset, cum se satis *Reipublica, Academia* parum vixisse sentiret; cum seriò adverterat sacros *codices* velut olim ipsorum *autores* tenebris obrui, cum *Patrum* opera per *Ethnicorum* hostium manus felicissimè transmissa ab ipsis *Patrum* successoribus corrumpi & contaminari; cum *antiquorum* scripta hominum ritu in sylvis degentium disjici latè & spargi, omnibusque sive mutilanda sive spolianda objectari; scriptores hinc inde dissipatos in doctissimum consortium coegit, atque Immortali hâc *civitate* donavit; quæ exules hospitio excipiat literato, quali olim *Bodleium Geneva*; ubi *Homerum* in æternum *Constantinus* explicat; ubi majorum scripta pervolvat *Græci antistes*, quæ nec sua præbet *Philopopolis*. Quali autem admiratione percussus, quo ardore accensus, quam avido intuitu *senex* ille *venerabilis* stupendæ huic moli oculos inexpletos infixarit lacrymis fortassè pressis *Byzantina* recolens ruinam?

Quisquamne vero clarissimis literarum sacrariis affuetus, immensam hanc omnium *Linguarum, Artium, Nationum, Ætatum, Scientiarum* congeriem attonitus non obstupescit? Num *Vaticana* strues opibus *Gentium* exhaustis constructa, direptarum Urbium spoliis amplificata, conjunctis distantium sæculorum laboribus promota ad *Bodleiana Domus* splendorem aut amplitudinem affurrexit? Num *Reges* subditorum æra pro arbitrio corrasa largè effundentes, num hi fautores literarum toties

lies decantati, quæstissimis oratorum præconiis stimu-
lati, inextaturatâ gloriæ site ardentes, num ad magnifi-
centiam *Bodleii* accedunt privati & modesti?

Verum enimvero materiâ tam grandi incalentem, pru-
dentissimâ avocant *Manritii* instituta, qui *Bodleium* ho-
minum optimum, *Hebraamque* Linguarum sanctissimam,
unâ commendari voluit: *Linguam Dei* institutione con-
secratâ, usu venerabilem, lege cohonestatam; cæ-
teris absimilem, ex mistâ alienarum vocum farragine
conflatis, quaque ortæ sunt confusionem referentibus;
sed puram, simplicem, sinceram, suisque cum *Judeis*
exterarum *Gentium* fœcibus intaminatam; eâ vocum
parsimoniâ elucentem ut discenti non obsit; eâ vi ut
nec desit copia: *Linguam* non verborum origine è lon-
ginq̃uo repetitâ perplexam, sed ex intimâ rerum naturâ
voces depromentem; & ipsa nomenclaturâ quodam mo-
do philosophantem. Interpretum gregem frustra consulas,
aliquandò ineptum sæpissimè & iniquum, scripturas ad
opinionem suas sæpius trahentem, quàm opinionem ad
Scripturas conformantem.

Ecquis autem sublinem *Hebraorum* majestatem ser-
mone humili assequetur & vulgari; Ecquis ad *Isaia* aut
Hosea spiritum versione assurgat, qui infra *Homerum* aut
Virgilium subsidit? Quis demum sermo iisdem verbis con-
ceptam idearum complectetur varietatem, quarum omnes
inter se absimiles, singulo percipienti videntur præstantissi-
mæ; Qualis olim *Judaorum* *Manna* singulis saporem præ-
buit diversum, singulis tamen gratissimum: Cui igitur lin-
gua hæc non arridet difficillimâ tum pretiosior, tum vilissi-
ma facilior? præsertim cum reverendum *Professorem* nacti
sumus, studiorum *Ducem*, cum in illo meliorem habeamus
Chevalerium, cujus sive gloriâ possumus excitari, sive præ-
ceptis erudiri: Et viri quidem *Reverendi* conspectus *Bod-
leium* mihi in memoriam revocat, tot illi nominibus de-
vincum, sive quod quas ille *autorum* copias in *Rei li-
teraria* subsidium regiâ quâdam munificentia conscrip-
serit, hic scientiâ planè imperatoriâ instructas & disposi-
tas sub signis collocarit; sive quod munus honorificum,
velut

velut olim *Bodleius*, pari cum gloriâ deposuerit, quâ prius administravit; sive quod *Museum* illud æternum cui cessat procurazione prospicere, scriptis pergat exornare. Quanquam autem *viri egregij* laudibus immorari tam jucundissimum, tum uberrimum sit, ad *Bodleyj* tamen virtutes brevi recolendas *orationis* hujusce ratio reverti jubet. Qui eo religionem ardore prosecutus est, ut multa ejus causâ Puer pertulerit, multa vir confecerit, hinc tantum non *Victima*, firmissima inde *Tutela*. Eam armis inclinatam consilio, libellis impugnata munificentia vindicavit. In illo eluxit *Academicorum* integritas, *Aulicorum* comitas. Quam exercent hi, prudentia, quam illi obtinent sinceritas. Arcana sibi commissa nec coætaneis credidit, ne parum fidelis, nec posteris, ne parum haberetur verendus: Eloquio juxta clarus ac taciturnitate. *Gallia* *Principem* subditorum eripuit perfidia, *Belgas* *Principis* sævitia, *Tyranni* pariter inimicus & perduellis. Eâ dicendi venturate floruit, ut apud nos *Oratoris*, eâ vi, ut *Legati* foras munus sustineret. Literaturam & ornavit & promovit: Ejus omnia excoluit genera, & a nobis excolenda curavit. Inassuetâ honorum pompâ nec attonitus, nec degustatâ delinitus. Scientiæ gloriam despexit literatus, dignitatis splendorem contempsit *Aulicus*. Summos honores sine ambitione attigit, sine fastu sustinuit, sine querelâ reliquit. Magnam consecutus gloriam muneribus obeundis, majorem detrectandis. A *Genevâ* *Episcopatus* amantissimus, ab *Academia* rerum publicarum gnarus, ab Aulâ discessit pius. Ejus laboribus *Europa* salus, ejusdem otio literatura debetur. Sibi in lucrum vertit res adversas, humano generi secundas. Talis demum erat, ut cum ab *oratione* hac nihil gloriæ reportare possit, tamen si quid minus frigidum, si quid minus ineptum, si quid minus vulgare consecutus fuerim, id totum illi referatur acceptum, non aliter quàm augusta *Sheldoniana* molis fastigia id ipsum laqueare sustentant à quo fulciri videantur.

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